THE Dutch Lover: A COMEDY, ACTED AT THE *DUKES THEATRE.*

Written by Mrs. *A. Bhen.*

LONDON:

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the Sign of the *Harrow* at *Chancery-lane* end, over against the Inner Temple Gate in *Fleet-street.* 1673.

XUM

Good, Sweet, Honey, Sugar-candied READER.

WHich I think is more than any one has call'd you yet.) I must have a word or two with you before you do advance into the Treatise; but 'tis not to beg your pardon for diverting you from your affairs, by such an idle Pamphlet as this is, for I presume you have not much to do, and therefore are to be obliged to me for keeping you from worse imployment, and if you have a better, you may get you gone about your business: but if you will misspend your time, pray lay the fault upon your self; for I have dealt pretty fairly in the matter, and told you in the Title Page what you are to expect within. Indeed, had I hung out a sign of the Immortality of the Soul, of the Mystery of Godliness, or of Ecclesiastical Policie, and then had treated you with Indiscerpibility, and Essential Spissitude (words, which though I am no competent Judge of, for want of Languages, yet I fancy strongly ought to mean just nothing) with a company of Apocryphal midnight tales cull'd out of the choicest insignificant Authors; If I had only prow'd in Folio that Apollonius was a naughty Knave, or had presented you with two or three of the worst principles transcrib'd out of the peremptory and ill natur'd, (though prettily ingenious)

Doctor of Malmsbury undergested, and ill manag'd by a silly, saucy, ignorant, impertinent, ill educated Chaplain, I were then indeed sufficiently in fault; but having inscrib'd Comedy on the beginning of my Book, you may guess pretty near what peny-worths you are like to have, and ware your money and your time accordingly.

I would not yet be understood to lessen the dignity of Playes, for surely they deserve a place among the middle, if not the better sort of Books; for I have heard that most of that which bears the name of Learning, and which has abus'd such quantities of Ink and Paper, and continually imploys so many ignorant, unhappy souls for ten, twelve, twenty years in the University (who yet poor wretches think they are doing something all the while) as Logick, &c. and several other things (that shall be nameless, lest I should mispel them) are much more absolutely nothing than the errantest Play that ere was writ. Take notice, Reader, I do not assert this purely upon my own knowledge, but I think I have known it very fully prov'd, both sides being fairly heard, and seen some ingenious opposers of it most abominably baffled in the Argument: Some of which I have got so perfectly by rote, that if this were a proper place for it, I am apt to think my self could almost make it clear; and as I would not undervalue Poetry, so neither am I altogether of their judgement, who believe no wisdom in the world beyond it. I have often heard indeed (and read) how much the World was anciently oblig'd to it for most of that which they call'd Science, which my want of letters makes me less assur'd of than others happily may be:

but

but I have heard some wise men say, that no considerable part of useful knowledge was this way communicated, and on the other way, that it hath serv'd to propagate so many idle superstitions, as all the benefits it hath or can be guilty of, can never make sufficient amends for, which unaided by the unlucky charms of Poetry, could never have possest a thinking Creature such as man. However true this is, I am my self well able to affirm that none of all our English Poets, and least the Dramatique (so I think you call them) can be justly charg'd with too great reformation of mens minds or manners, and for that I may appeal to general experiment, if those who are the most assiduous Disciples of the Stage, do not make the fondest and the lewdest crew about this Town; for if you should unhappily converse them through the year, you will not find one dram of sence amongst a Club of them, unless you will allow for such a little Link-Boys Ribaldry, thick larded with unseasonable oaths, & impudent defiance of God, and all things serious, and that at such a senceless damn'd unthinking rate, as, if 'twere well distributed, would spoil near half the Apothecaries trade, and save the sober people of the Town the charge of Vomits; And it was smartly said, (how prudently I cannot tell) by a late learned Doctor, who, though himself no great asserter of a Deity, (as you'l believe by that which follows) yet was observed to be continually perswading of this sort of men (if I for once may call them so) of the necessity and truth of our Religion; and being ask'd how he came to bestir himself so much this way, made answer, that it was because their ignorance

and

and indiscreet debauch made them a scandal to the profession of Atheism. And for their wisdom and design, I never knew it reach beyond the invention of some notable expedient, for the speedier ridding them of their estate, (a dewilish clog to Wit and Parts) than other greuling Mortals know, or battering half a dozen fair new Windows in a Morning after their debauch, whilst the dull unjointed Rascal they belong to is fast asleep. But I'l proceed no farther in their character, because that miracle of Wit (in spight of Academick frippery) the mighty Echard hath already done it to my satisfaction; and whoever undertakes a Supplement to any thing he hath discourst, had better for their reputation be doing nothing.

Besides, this Theam is worn too threed-bare by the whiffling would-be Wits of the Town, and of both the stone-blind-eyes of the Kingdom. And therefore to return to that which I before was speaking of, I will have leave to say that in my judgement the increasing number of our latter Plays have not done much more towards the amending of mens Morals, or their Wit, than hath the frequent Preaching, which this last age hath been pester'd with, (indeed without all Controversie they have done less harm) nor can I once imagine what temptation any one can have to expect it from them: for, sure I am, no Play was ever writ with that design. If you consider Tragedy, you'l find their best of characters unlikely patterns for a wise man to pursue: For he that is the Knight of the Play, no sublunary feats must serve his Dulcinea; for if he can't bestrid the Moon, he'l ne'er make good his business to the end, and if he chance to

be

be offended, he muſt without conſidering right or wrong confound all things he meets, and put you half a ſcore likely tall fellows into each pocket; and truly if he come not ſomething near this pitch, I think the Tragedies not worth a farthing; for Playes were certainly intended for the exerciſing of mens paſſions, not their underſtandings, and he is infinitely far from wiſe, that will beſtow one moments private meditation on ſuch things: And as for Comedie, the fineſt folks you meet with there, are ſtill unfitter for your imitation, for though within a leaf or two of the Prologue, you are told that they are people of Wit, good Humour, good Manners, and all that: yet if the Authors did not kindly add their proper names, you'd never know them by their characters; for whatſoe'er's the matter, it hath happen'd ſo ſpightfully in ſeveral Playes, which have been prettie well receiv'd of late, that even thoſe perſons that were meant to be the ingenious Cenſors of the Play, have either prov'd the moſt debauch'd, or moſt unwittie people in the Companie: nor is this error very lamentable, ſince as I take it Comedie was never meant, either for a converting or confirming Ordinance: In ſhort, I think a Play the beſt divertiſement that wiſe men have; but I do alſo think them nothing ſo, who do diſcourſe as formallie about the rules of it, as if 'twere the grand affair of humane life. This being my opinion of Playes, I ſtudied only to make this as entertaining as I could, which whether I have been ſucceſsful in, my gentle Reader, you may for your ſhilling judge. To tell you my thoughts of it, were to little purpoſe, for were they very ill, you may be ſure I would not have expos'd it;

it; nor did I so till I had first consulted most of those who have a reputation for judgement of this kind; who were at least so civil (if not kind) to it as did incourage me to venture it upon the Stage, and in the Press: Nor did I take their single word for it, but us'd their reasons as a confirmation of my own.

Indeed that day 'twas Acted first, there came me into the Pit, a long, lither, phlegmatick, white, ill-favour'd, wretched Fop, an officer in Masquerade newly transported with a Scarfe & Feather out of France, a sorry Animal that has nought else to shield it from the uttermost contempt of all mankind, but that respect which we afford to Rats and Toads, which though we do not well allow to live, yet when considered as a part of Gods Creation, we make honourable mention of them. A thing, Reader—— but no more of such a Smelt: This thing, I tell ye, opening that which serves it for a mouth, out issued such a noise as this to those that sate about it, that they were to expect a woful Play, God damn him, for it was a womans. Now how this came about I am not sure, but I suppose he brought it piping hot from some, who had with him the reputation of a villanous Wit: for Creatures of his size of sence talk without all imagination; such scraps as they pick up from other folks. I would not for a world be taken arguing with such a propertie as this, but if I thought there were a man of any tolerable parts, who could upon mature deliberation distinguish well his right-hand from his left, and justly state the difference between the number of sixteen and two, yet had this prejudice upon him; I would take a little

pains

pains to make him know how much he errs. For waving the examination, why women having equal education with men, were not as capable of knowledge, of whatever sort as well as they: I'l only say as I have touch'd before, that Plays have no great room for that which is mens great advantage over women, that is Learning: We all well know that the immortal Shakespears *Playes (who was not guilty of much more of this than often falls to womens share) have better pleas'd the World than* Johnsons *works, though by the way 'tis said that* Benjamin *was no such Rabbi neither, for I am inform'd his Learning was but Grammer high; (sufficient indeed to rob poor* Salust *of his best Orations) and it hath been observ'd, that they are apt to admire him most confoundedly, who have just such a scantling of it as he had; and I have seen a man the most severe of* Johnsons *Sect, sit with his Hat remov'd less than a hairs breadth from one sullen posture for almost three hours at the Alchymist; who at that excellent Play of* Harry *the Fourth (which yet I hope is far enough from Farce) hath very hardly kept his Doublet whole; but affectation hath always had a greater share both in the actions and discourse of men than truth and judgement have: and for our Modern ones, except our most unimitable Laureat, I dare to say I know of none that write at such a formidable rate, but that a woman may well hope to reach their greatest hights. Then for their musty rules of Unity, and God knows what besides, if they meant any thing, they are enough intelligable, and as practible by a woman; but really methinks they that disturb their heads with*

any other rules of Playes beſides the making them pleaſant, and avoiding of ſcurrility, might much better be imploy'd in ſtudying how to improve mens too too imperfect knowledge of that antient Engliſh Game, which hight long Laurence: And if Comedy ſhould be the Picture of ridiculous mankind, I wonder any one ſhould think it ſuch a ſturdy task, whilſt we are furniſh'd with ſuch precious Originals as him, I lately told you of; if at leaſt that Character do not dwindle into Farce, and ſo become too mean an entertainment for thoſe perſons who are us'd to think. Reader, I have a complaint or two to make to you, and I have done; Know then this Play was hugely injur'd in the Acting, for 'twas done ſo imperfectly as never any was before, which did more harm to this than it could have done to any of another ſort; the Plot being buſie (though I think not intricate) and ſo requiring a continual attention, which being interrupted by the intolerable negligence of ſome that acted in it, muſt needs much ſpoil the beauty on't. My Dutch Lover ſpoke but little of what I intended for him, but ſupply'd it with a deal of idle ſtuff, which I was wholly unacquainted with, till I had heard it firſt from him; ſo that Jack pudding ever us'd to do: which though I knew before, I gave him yet the part, becauſe I knew him ſo acceptable to moſt o'th' lighter Periwigs about the Town, and he indeed did vex me ſo, I could almoſt be angry a Tet, but Reader, you remember, I ſuppoſe, a fuſty piece of Latine that has paſt from hand to hand this thouſand years they ſay (and how much longer I can't tell) in favour of the deed. I intended him a habit much more notably ridicu-

diculous, which if it can ever be important was so here, for many of the Scenes in the three last Acts depended upon the mistakes of the Colonel for Haunce, *which the ill-favour'd likeness of their Habits is suppos'd to cause. Lastly, my Epilogue was promis'd me by a Person who had surely made it good, if any, but he failing of his word, deputed one, who has made it as you see, and to make out your penyworth you have it here. The Prologue is by misfortune lost. Now, Reader, I have eas'd my mind of all I had to say, and so sans farther complyment, Adieu.*

THE

The Actors Names.

Ambrosio,	A Nobleman of *Spain*.
Marcel,	His Son.
Silvio,	Supposed bastard Son to *Ambrosio*.
Antonio,	A German that has debauch'd *Hippolyta*.
Alonzo,	A *Flaunders* Colonel contracted to *Hippolyta*, and newly arrived at *Madrid*.
Lovis,	His friend.
Carlo,	Father to *Lovis*, and *Euphemia*.
Haunce van Ezel,	A Dutch Fop contracted to *Euphemia*, newly arrived at *Madrid*.
Gload,	His Cash-keeper.
Pedro,	An old servant to *Alonzo*.
Euphemia,	In love with *Alonzo*.
Hippolyta,	In love with *Antonio* } Daughters to
Cleonte,	In love with *Silvio* } *Ambrosio*.
Clarinda,	Sister unknown to *Alonzo* in love with *Marcel*.
Dormida,	Her Governess.
Francisca,	Woman to *Cleonte*.
Olinda,	} Two Maids to *Euphemia*.
Dorice,	}

The Scene *Madrid*.

THE

THE
Dutch Lover.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alonzo *and* Lovis *in travelling habits, attended by* Pedro *and* Gload.

Lov. DEar *Alonzo* I shall love a Church the better this month for giving me a sight of thee, whom I so little expected in this part of the World, and less in so sanctifi'd a place. What affair could be powerful enough to draw thee from the kind obliging Ladies of *Brabant*?

Alon. First the sudden orders of my Prince *Don John*, and next a fair Lady.

Lov. A Lady! can any of this Country relish with a man that has been us'd to the freedom of those of *Bruxels*, from whence I suppose you are now arriv'd?

Alon. That morning landed, from such a storm, as set us all to making vows of conversion, (upon good conditions) and that indeed brought me to Church.

Lov. In that very storm I landed too, but with less sense of danger than you, being diverted with a pleasant fellow that came along with me, and who is design'd to marry a sister of mine against my will—— And now I think of him, *Gload*, where

where hast thou left this Master of thine?

Glo. At the Inne, Sir, in as lamentable a pickle, as if he were still in the storm; recruiting his emptyed stomach with Brandy, and railing against all women-kind for your sisters sake, who has made him undertake this voyage.

Lov. Well, I'l come to him, go home before.

[*Exit* Gload.

Alon. Prethee what thing is this?

Lov. Why, 'tis the Cashier to this Squire I spoke of, a man of business, and as wise as his Master, but the graver Coxcomb of the two. But this Lady, *Alonzo*, who is this Lady thou speak'st of? shall not I know her? we were wont to divide the spoils of Beauty, as well as those of war between us.

Alon. O but this is no such prise, thou wouldst hardly share this with the danger, there's Matrimony in the case.

Lov. Nay, then keep her to thy self, only let me know who 'tis that can debauch thee to that scandalous way of life; is she fair? will she recompence the folly?

Alon. Faith I know not, I never saw her yet, but 'tis the sister of *Marcell*, whom we both knew last Summer in *Flanders*, and where he and I contracted such a friendship, that without other consideration he promis'd me *Hippolyta*, for that's his sisters name.

Lov. But wo't thou really marry her?

Alon. I consider my advantage in being allied to so considerable a man as *Ambrosio*, her father; I being now so unhappy as not to know my Birth or Parents.

Lov. I have often heard of some such thing, but durst not ask the truth of it.

Alon. 'Tis so, all that I know of my self is, that a Spanish Souldier, who brought me up in the Army, dying, confest I was not his son, (which till then I believed) and at the age of twelve left me to shift for my self; the fortune he inricht me with was his Horse and Arms, with a few documents how to use them, as I had seen him do with good success: This servant, and a Crucifix of value. [*Points to* Pedro. And from one degree to another, I arriv'd to what you knew me, Colonel of the Princes Regiment, and the glory of his favour.

Lov.

Lov. Honour is the Child of Vertue, and finds an owner every where.

Alon. Oh, Sir, you are a Courtier, and have much the odds of a Souldier in parlies of this nature: But hither I am come——

Lov. To be undone; faith thou look'ſt ill upon't.

Alon. I confeſs I am not altogether ſo brisk as I ſhould have been upon another occaſion; you know *Lovis* I have been us'd to Chriſtian liberty, and hate this formal courtſhip. Pox on't, wou'd 'twere over.

Lov. Where all parties are agreed, there's little need of that; and the Ladies of *Spain*, whatever gravity they aſſume, are as ready as any you ever met withal.

Alon. But there's a damn'd cuſtom that does not at all agree with men ſo frank and gay as thou and I; there's a deal of danger in the atchievement, which ſome ſay hightens the pleaſure, but I am of another opinion.

Ped. Sir, there is a female in a vail has follow'd us ever ſince we came from Church.

Alon. Some amorous adventure: See ſhe advances: Prethee retire, there may be danger in it. [*Enter* Olinda. [*Puts* Lovis *back.*

Lov. Oh then, I muſt by no means leave you. [Lovis *advances.*

Olin. Which of theſe two ſhall I chuſe? [*She look on both.*

Sir, you appear a ſtranger. [*To* Lovis.

Alon. We are both ſo Lady.

Olin. I ſhall ſpoil all, and bring [*She looks again on both.* the wrong. Sir, you ſhould be a Cavalier, that——

Alon. Would gladly obey your orders.

Lov. Nay, I find 'tis all one to you, which you chuſe, ſo you have one of us; but would not both do better?

Olin. No, Sir, my commiſſion's but to one.

Alon. Fix and proceed then, let me be the man.

Olin. What ſhall I do? they are both well: [*Aſide.* but I'l e'en chuſe, as 'twere, for my ſelf; and hang me if I know which that ſhall be. [*Looks on both.*] Sir, there is

a Lady of quality and beauty, who guessing you to be men of honour, has sent me to one of you.

Alon. Me I am sure.

Lov. Me, me, he's ingag'd already.

Alon. That's foul play *Lovis.*

Olin. Well, I must have but one, and therefore I'l wink and chuse.

Lov. I'l not trust blind fortune.

Alon. Prethee *Lovis* let thee and I agree upon the matter, and I find the Lady will be reasonable; cross or pile who shall go.

Lov. Go, Sir, whither?

Alon. To the Lady that——

Lov. Sent for neither of us that I can hear of yet.

Olin. You will not hear me out, but I'l end the difference by chusing you, Sir; and if you'l follow me [*To* Alonzo. at a distance, I will conduct you where this Lady is.

Alon. Fair guide march on, I'l follow thee. [*Offers to go.*

Lov. You are not mad, Sir, 'tis some abuse, and dangerous. [*Pulls him back.*

Alon. Be not envious of my happiness: Forbear a wench, for fear of danger!

Lov. Have a care, 'tis some plot. [*Holds him.*] Where did this Lady see us, we are both strangers in the City?

Alon. No matter where.

Olin. At Church, Sir, just now.

Alon. I, I at Church, at Church, enough.

Lov. What's her name?

Alon. Away, thou art fuller of questions than a Fortune-teller: Come let's be gone.

Lov. Sure you do not mean to keep your word, Sir?

Alon. Not keep my word, *Lovis*! What wicked life hast thou known me lead, should make thee suspect I should not. When I have made an interest in her, and find her worth communicating, I will be just upon honour. —— Go, go.

Lov. Well, go your ways, if marriage do not tame you, you are past all hopes: but pray, Sir, let me see you at my lodgings, the *Golden Fleece* here at the gate.

Alon. I'll attend thee there, and tell thee my adventure: Farewel. [*Exit* Lovis.] *Pedro*, go you and inquire for the house of *Don Ambrosio*, and tell him I will wait on him in the evening, by that time I shall get my self in order.

[*Exeunt* Alonzo *and* Olinda: Pedro *the other way.*

SCENE II.

[*House of* Ambrosio.

Enter Silvio, *melancholy.*

Silv. I Must remove *Marcell*, for his nice honour
Will ne'r permit that I should court my Sister;
My passion will admit of no restraint,
'Tis grown so violent; and fair *Cleonte's* charms
Each day increase to such a killing number,
That I must speak or dye.

Enter Franciscа.

Franc. What, still with folded arms and down-cast looks?

Silv. Oh *Franciscа*!
My brothers presence now afflicts me more
Than all my fears of cruelty from *Cleonte*,
She is the best, the sweetest, kindest sister——

Franc. I, Sir, but she will never make the kindest Mistriss.

Silv. At least she should permit me to adore her,
Were but *Marcell* away.
Hast thou no stratagem to get him absent?
For I can think of nothing but my sister. [*Sighs.*

Franc. I know of none, nor other remedie for you than loving less.

Silv. Oh 'tis impossible;
Thou knowst I've try'd all ways, made my addresses
To all the fairest Virgins in *Madrid*;
Nay, and at last fell to the worst debauchery,
That of frequenting every common house:
But souls that feed so high on love as mine
Must nauseate courser diet:
No, I must still love on, and tell her so,
Or I must live no longer.

Farne-

Franc. That methinks you might do even in the preſence of *Marcell.* A brother is allow'd to love a ſiſter.

Silv. But I ſhall do't in ſuch a way *Franciſca*,
Be ſo tranſported, and ſo paſſionate,
I ſhall betray what he will ne'r indure.
And ſince our other ſiſter looſe *Hippolyta* was loſt,
He does ſo guard and watch the fair *Cleonte*.

Franc. Why, quarrel with him, Sir, you know you are ſo much dearer to my Lord your Father than he is, that ſhould he perceive a difference between ye, he would ſoon diſmiſs him the houſe; and 'twere but reaſon, Sir, for I am ſure *Don Marcel* loves you not.

Silv. That I excuſe, ſince he the lawful heir to all my Fathers Fortunes, ſees it every day ready to be ſacrific'd to me, who can pretend no title to't, but the unaccountable love my Father bears me.

Franc. Can you diſſemble, Sir?

Silv. The worſt of any man, but would indeavour it, if it could any ways advance my love.

Franc. Which I muſt find ſome way to ruine. [*Aſide.*
Then court his Miſtreſs.

Silv. The rich *Flavia*?

Franc. That would not incenſe him, for her he is to marry; but 'tis the fair *Clarinda* has his heart.

Silv. To act a faigned love, and hide a real one,
Is what I have already try'd in vain.
Even fair *Clarinda* I have courted too,
In hope that way to baniſh from my ſoul
The hopeleſs flame *Cleonte* kindled there;
But 'twas a ſhame to ſee how ill I did diſſemble.

Franc. Stay, Sir, here comes *Marcell.* I'l leave you.
[*Exit* Franciſca.

Enter Marcell *with a letter open in his hand which he kiſſes.*

Mar. Kind Meſſenger of love! thus, thus a thouſand times
I bid thee welcome from my fair *Clarinda*.
Thus joyful Bridegrooms after long deſpairs
Poſſeſs the yielding treaſure in their arms;
Only thus much the happier lover I,
Who gather all the ſweets of this fair Maid With-

Without the ceremonious tye of Marriage;
That tye that does but nauſeate the delight,
Be far from happy Lovers; we'l imbrace
As unconfin'd and free as whiſpering Air
That mingles wantonly with ſpreading flowers.

Silv. What's all this?

Mar. *Silvio*, the victory's won.
The heart that nicely ſtood it out ſo long;
Now yields upon conditions.

Silv. What victory? or what heart?

Mar. I am all rapture, cannot ſpeak it out;
My ſenſes have carous'd too much of joy;
And like young drunkards, proud of their new try'd ſtrength,
Have made my pleaſure leſs by the exceſs.

Silv. This is wondrous.
Impart ſome of your over-charge to me,
The burthen lightned will be more ſupportable.

Mar. Read here, & change thy wonders when thou know'ſt
How happy man can be. [*Gives him a letter.*

[*Silvio* reads.]

Marcel,

DOrmida *will have me tell you what effects your vows have made, and how eaſily they have drawn from me a conſent to ſee you, as you deſir'd this night in my chamber: you have ſworn to marry me, and love will have me credit you, and then methinks I ought not to deny you any thing, nor queſtion your Vertue.* Dormida *will wait to throw you down the key, when all are in bed, that will conduct you to*

Your *Clarinda.*

Silv. Damn her for a diſſembler;
Is this the chaſte, the excellent *Clarinda*,
Whom whilſt I courted was as cold and nice,
As a young Nun the day ſhe is inveſted.

Mar. How now brother, what diſpleaſed with it?

[*Takes the Letter.*

Silv. A little, Sir, to ſee anothers happineſs,

Whilſt

Whilſt I where ere I pay my vows and ſighs
Get nothing but diſdain, and yet this ſhape
And face I never thought unhandſome.

Mar. Theſe be the leaſt approaches to a heart;
'Tis not dull looking well will do the feat,
There is a knack in Love, a critical minute:
And women muſt be watcht as witches are
Ere they confeſs, and then they yield a pace.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, there is without a ſervant of *Don Alonzo's*, who ſays his Maſter will be here to night.

[Marcell *is ſurpriz'd.*

Mar. Alonzo! now I begin to wake
From Love; like one from ſome delightful dream,
To reaſſume my wonted cares and ſhame.
——I will not ſpeak with him. [*Exit Boy.*
Oh *Hippolyta!* thou poor loſt thing *Hippolyta!*
How art thou fallen from Honour, and from Vertue,
And liveſt in whoredom, with an impious villain?
Who in revenge to me has thus betray'd thee.
Keep thy ſelf cloſer than thou'ſt done thy ſin;
For if I find thee out, by all that's good,
Thou hadſt more mercy on thy ſlaughter'd honour,
Than I will have for thee.
And thou *Antonio* that haſt betray'd her,
Who till prophan'd by thee, was chaſte as ſhrines,
And pure as are the vows are offer'd there,
That rape which thou'ſt committed on her innocence,
I will revenge as ſhall become her Brother.

[*Offers to go out in rage.*

Silv. Stay *Marcell*,
I can inform you where theſe Lovers are.

Mar. Oh tell me quickly then,
That I may take them in their foul imbraces,
And ſend their ſouls to Hell.

Silv. Laſt night I made a youthful ſally to
One of thoſe houſes where love and pleaſure
Are ſold at deareſt rates.

Silv.

Mar. A Bordello; forwards pray.

Silv. Yes, at the corner of St. *Jerom's*; where after seeing many faces which pleas'd me not, I would have took my leave; but the Matron of the house, a kind obliging Lady, seeing me so nice, and of quality (though disguis'd) told me she had a beauty, such an one, as had *Counte D' Oliveris* in his height of power seen, he would have purchast at any rate. I grew impatient to see this fine thing, and promis'd largly; then leading me into a room as gay, and as perfum'd as an Altar upon a Holy-day, I saw seated upon a Couch of state——

Mar. Hippolyta?

Silv. Hippolyta our sister dresst like a *Venice* Courtizan,
With all the charms of a loose wanton,
Singing and playing to her ravisht Lover,
Who I perceiv'd assisted to expose her.

Mar. Well, Sir, what follow'd?

Silv. Surpris'd at sight of this, I did with-draw
And left them laughing at my little confidence.

Mar. How! left them? and left them living too?

Silv. If a young wench will be gadding,
Who can help it?

Mar. 'Sdeath, you should, were you that half her brother,
Which my Father too doatingly believes you. [*Inrag'd.*

Silv. How! do you question his belief, *Marcel*?

Mar. I ne'r consider'd it; be gone and leave me.

Silv. Am I a dog that thus you bid me vanish? [*Aside.*
What mean you by this language? [*Comes up to him.*
And how dare you upbraid me with my birth,
Which know, *Marcel*, is more illustrious far
Than thine, being begot when love was in his raign,
With all his youth and heat about him?
I like birds of bravest kind was hatcht
In the hot Sun-shine of delight, whilst
Thou *Marcel* wer't poorly brooded
In the cold nest of Wed-lock.

Mar. Thy Mother was some base notorious strumpet,
And by her witch-craft, reduc'd my Fathers soul,
And in return she pay'd him with a bastard,
Which, was thou.

Silv. *Marcel*, thou ly'st. [*strikes him.*

Mar. Though 'twere no point of valour but of rashness
To fight thee, yet I'l do't.

Silv. By Heaven I will not put this injury up.

[*They fight,* Silvio *is wounded.*

Fight again. Enter Ambrosio, *and* Cleonte *between;* Silvio *falls into the arms of* Cleonte.

Amb. Hold! I command you hold;
Ah Traytor to my blood, what hast thou done?

[*To* Marcel, *who kneels and lays his sword at his feet.*

Silv. In fair *Cleontes* Arms!
O I could kiss the hand that gives me death,
So I might thus expire.

Mar. Pray hear me, Sir, before you do condemn me.

Amb. I will hear nothing but thy death pronounc'd,
Since thou hast wounded him, if it be mortal.
Have I not charg'd thee on thy life, *Marcel*,
Thou shouldst not hold discourse with him of any kind?

Mar. I did fore-see my fate, but could not shun it.

[*Takes his sword and goes out.*

Amb. What ho! *Biscay*, Surgeon; on your lives a Surgeon:
where be these rascals? [*Goes out.*

Silv. I would not have a Surgeon search my wound,
With rude and heavy hands;
Yours, fair *Cleonte*, can apply the Balsom
Far more successfully,
For they are soft and white as down of Swans,
And every touch is soveraign.

Cleo. But I should dye with looking on your wounds.

Silv. And I shall dye unless you cure them, sister.

Cleo. With the expence of mine to save your life,
Is both my wish and duty.

Silv. I thank ye pretty innocence. [*Leads him in.*

SCENE III. [*A Grove.*

Discovers Euphemia *vail'd alone walking.*

Euphe. O *Linda* stays long, I hope she has over-took the Cavalier, Lord how I am concern'd! if this should

should be love now, I were in a fine condition, at least if he be marryed, or a lover: Oh that fear! hang me, if it has not disorder'd me all over. But see, where she comes with him too.

Enter Olinda *and* Alonzo.

Olin. Here he is, Madam, I hope 'tis the right man.

Alon. Madam, you see what haste I make to obey your kind commands.

Euph. 'Twas as kindly done, Sir; but I fear when you know to what end 'tis, you'l repent your haste.

Alon. 'Tis very likely; but if I do, you are not the first of your sex that has put me to repentance: but lift up your vail, and if your face be good—— [*Offers to lift up her vail.*

Euph. Stay you're too hasty.

Alon. Nay, let's have fair play on both sides, I'l hide nothing from you. [*Offers again.*

Euph. I have a question or two to ask you first,

Alon. I can promise nothing till I see my reward. I am a base barterer, here's one for t'other; you saw your man and lik'd him, and if I like you when I see you——

[*Offers again.*

Euph. But if you do not, must all my liking be cast away?

Alon. As for that, trust to my good nature; a frank wench has hitherto taken me as much as beauty. And one proof you have already given of that, in this kind invitation; come, come do not loose my little new-gotten good opinion of thee, by being coy and peevish. [*Offers again.*

Euph. You are strangely impatient, Sir.

Alon. O you should like me the better for that, 'tis a sign of youth and fire.

Euph. But, Sir, before I let you see my face——

Alon. I hope I must not promise you to like it.

Euph. No, that were too unreasonable; but I must know whether you are a lover.

Alon. What an idle question's that to a brisk young fellow? a Lover, yes, and that as often as I see a new face.

Euph. That I'l allow.

Alon. That's kindly said; and now do I find I shall be in

love with thine, as ſoon as I ſee't, for I am half ſo with thy humour already.

Euph. Are you not marryed, Sir?

Alon. Marryed!

Euph. Now I dread his anſwer. [*Aſide.*] Yes, marryed.

Alon. Why I hope you make no ſcruple of conſcience to be kind to a marryed man.

Euph. Now do I find, you hope I am a Curtizan that come to bargain for a night or two; but if I poſſeſs you it muſt be for ever.

Alon. For ever let it be then, come let's begin on any terms.

Euph. I cannot blame you, Sir, for this miſtake, ſince what I've raſhly done, has given you cauſe to think I am not vertuous.

Alon. Faith, Madam, man is a ſtrange ungovern'd thing; yet I in the whole courſe of my life have taken the beſt care I could to make as few miſtakes as poſſible, and treating all women-kind alike we ſeldom err; for where we find one as you profeſs to be, we happily light on a hundred of the ſociable and reaſonable ſort.

Euph. But ſure you are ſo much a Gentleman that you may be convinc'd.

Alon. Faith if I be miſtaken, I cannot deviſe what other uſe you can make of me.

Euph. In ſhort this; I muſt leave you inſtantly; and will only tell you I am the ſole Daughter of a rich Parent, young, and as I am told not unhandſome; I am contracted to a man I never ſaw, nor I am ſure ſhall not like when I do ſee, he having more vice and folly than his fortune will excuſe, though a great one: and I had rather dye than marry him.

Alon. I underſtand you, and you would have me diſpatch this man.

Euph. I am not yet ſo wicked. The Church is the only place I am allow'd to go to, and till now could never ſee the man that was perfectly agreeably to me: Thus vailed, I'l venture to tell you ſo.

Alon. What the devil will this come too? her meen and ſhape

ſhape are ſtrangely graceful, and her diſcourſe is free and natural: What a damn'd defeat is this, that ſhe ſhould be honeſt now? [*Aſide.*

Euph. Well, Sir, what anſwer? I ſee he is uneaſie [*Aſide.*

Alon. Why, as I was ſaying, Madam, I am a ſtranger.

Euph. I like you the better for that.

Alon. But, Madam, I am a man unknown, unown'd in the world; and much unworthy the honour you do me. —— Would I were well rid of her, and yet I find a damnable inclination to ſtay too. [*Aſide.*

Will nothing but Matrimony ſerve your turn, Madam? pray uſe a young Lover as kindly as you can.

Euph. Nothing but that will do, and that muſt be done.

Alon. Muſt! 'slife this is the firſt of her ſex that ever was before-hand with me, and yet that I ſhould be forc'd to deny her too. [*Aſide.*

Euph. I fear his anſwer, *Olinda.* [*Aſide.*

Olin. At leaſt 'tis but making a diſcovery of your beauty, and then you have him ſure.

Alon. Madam, 'tis a matter of moment, and requires deliberation; beſides I have made a kind of promiſe——

Euph. Never to marry?

Alon. No faith, 'tis not ſo well: but ſince now I find we are both in haſte, I am to be marryed.

Euph. This I am ſure is an excuſe; but I'l fit him for't. [*Aſide.*

To be marryed ſaid you? that word has kill'd me, Oh I feel it drill,
Through the deep wound his eyes have lately made:
'Twas much unkind to make me hope ſo long.

Olin. Sure ſhe does but counterfeit, and now I'l play my part. Madam, Madam!

Alon. What wonderous thing is that! I ſhould not look upon't, it changes nature in me.

Olin. Have you no pitty, Sir? come nearer pray.

Alon. Sure there's witchcraft in that face, it never could have ſeiz'd me thus elſe, I have lov'd a thouſand times, yet never felt ſuch joyful pains before.

She leans on Olinda, as if ſhe ſwounded, who pulls off her vail: he ſtands gazing at a diſtance.

Olin.

Olin. She does it rarely. What mean you, Sir?

Alon. I never was a captive till this hour.
If in her death such certain wounds she give,
What mischiefs she would do, if she should live!
Yet she must live, and live that I may prove
Whether this strange disorder here be love. [*To his heart.*
Divine, divinest Maid. [*Kneels.*

Olind. Come nearer, Sir, you'l do a Lady no good at that distance. Speak to her, Sir.

[*He rises and comes to her gazing still.*

Alon. I know not what to say,
I am unus'd to this soft kind of language;
But if there be a charm in words, and such
As may conjure her to return again;
Prethee instruct me in them, I'l say any thing, do any thing, and suffer all the wounds her eyes can give.

Euph. Sure he is real. [*Aside.*
Alas! I am discover'd, how came my vail off?

[*She pretends to recover, and wonder that her vail is off.*

Alon. That you have let me see that lovely face,
May move your pity, not your anger, Madam;
Pity the wounds 't has made, pity the slave,
Who till this moment boasted of his freedom.

Euph. May I believe all this? for that we easily do in things we wish.

Alon. Command me things impossible, to all sense but a Lovers, I will do't: to shew the truth of this, I could even give you the last proof of it, and take you at your word, to marry you.

Euph. O wonderous reformation! marry me! [*Laughs.*

Alon. How do you mock my grief!

Euph. What a strange dissembling thing is man! to put me off too, you were to be married.

Alon. Hah, I had forgot *Hippolyta*. [*He starts.*

Euph. See *Olinda*, the miracle increases, he can be serious too. How do you, Sir?

Alon. 'Tis you have rob'd me of my native humour,
I ne'er could think till now.

Euph.

Euph. And to what purpoſe was it now?

Alon. Why, Love and Honour were at odds within me,
And I was making peace between them.

Euph. How fell that out, Sir?

Alon. About a pair of beauties; women,
That ſet the whole world at odds.
She that is Honours choice I never ſaw,
And Love has taught me new obedience here.

Euph. What means he? I fear he is in earneſt. [*Aſide.*

Olin. 'Tis nothing but his averſion to marriage, which moſt young men dread now-a-days.

Euph. I muſt have this ſtranger, or I muſt dye; for whatever face I put upon't, I am far gone in love, but I muſt hide it. [*Aſide.*
Well, ſince I have miſt my aim, you ſhall never boaſt my death; I'l caſt my ſelf away upon the next handſome young fellow I meet, though I dye for't; and ſo farewel to you loving, Sir. [*Offers to go.*

Alon. Stay, do not marry, as you eſteem the life of him that ſhall poſſeſs you.

Euph. Sure you will not kill him.

Alon. By Heaven I will.

Euph. O I'l truſt you, Sir: Farewel, farewel.

Alon. You ſhall not go in triumph thus,
Unleſs you take me with you.

Euph. Well, Since you are ſo reſolv'd (and ſo in love) I'l give you leave to ſee me once more at a houſe at the corner of St. *Jeroms*, where this Maid ſhall give you entrance.

Alon. Why, that's generouſly ſaid.

Euph. As ſoon as 'tis dark you may venture.

Alon. Till then will be an age, farewel fair Saint,
To thee and all my quiet till we meet.

[*Exeunt.*

The end of the firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I. [*The ſtreet.*

Enter Marcel *in a Cloak, alone.*

Mar. THe night comes on, and offers me two pleaſures,
The leaſt of which would make another bleſt;
Love and revenge, but I whilſt I diſpute
Which happineſs to chuſe, neglect them both.
The greateſt bliſs that mankind can poſſeſs,
Perſwades me this way, to my fair *Clarinda*:
But tyrannick Honour
Preſents the credit of my houſe before me,
And bids me firſt redeem its fading glory,
By ſacrificing that falſe womans heart
That has undone its fame.
But ſtay, Oh conſcience, when I look within,
And lay my anger by, I find that ſin
Which I would puniſh in *Antonio*'s ſoul,
Lye nouriſh'd up in mine without controul.
To fair *Clarinda* ſuch a ſiege I lay,
As did that traytor to *Hippolyta*;
Only *Hippolyta* a brother has,
Clarinda none to puniſh her diſgrace:
And 'tis more glory the defenc'd to win,
Than 'tis to take unguarded vertue in.
I either muſt my ſhameful love reſign,
Or my more brave and juſt revenge decline.

Enter Alonzo *dreſt, with* Lovis. [Marcel *ſtays.*

Alon. But to be thus in love, is't not a wonder *Lovis*?

Lov. No, Sir, it had been much a greater, if you had ſtay'd a night in Town without being ſo; and I ſhall ſee this wonder as often as you ſee a new face of a pretty woman.

Alon. I do not ſay that I ſhall loſe all paſſion, for the fair

ſex

ſex hereafter; but on my conſcience this amiable ſtranger has given me a deeper wound than ever I received from any before.

Lov. Well, you remember the bargain.

Alon. What bargain?

Lov. To communicate; you underſtand.

Alon. There's the Devil on't, ſhe is not ſuch a priſe: Oh were ſhe not honeſt! friend. [*Hugs him.*

Lov. Is it ſo to do? what, you pretend to be a lover, and ſhe honeſt, now only to deprive me of my part, remember this *Alonzo*.

Mar. Did I not hear *Alonzo* nam'd? [*Aſide.*

Alon. By all that's good I am in earneſt, friend,
Nay thy own eyes ſhall convince thee
Of the power of hers.
Her vail fell off, and ſhe appear'd to me,
Like unexpected day from out a cloud;
The loſt benighted traveller
Sees not th' approach of next mornings Sun
With more tranſported joy,
Than I this raviſhing and unknown beauty.

Lov. Hey day! what ſtuff's here? nay, now I ſee thou art quite gone indeed.

Alon. I fear it, Oh had ſhe not been honeſt!
What joy! what heaven of joys ſhe would diſtribute!
With ſuch a face, and ſhape, a wit, and meen——
But as ſhe is, I know not what to do.

Lov. You cannot marry her.

Alon. I would not willingly, though I think I'm free: For *Pedro* went to *Marcel* to tell him I was arriv'd, and would wait on him; but was treated more like a ſpy, than a meſſenger of love: they ſent no anſwer back, which I tell you *Lovis* angers me: 'twas not the entertainment I expected from my brave friend *Marcel*. But now I am for the fair ſtranger, who by this expects me.

Mar. 'Tis *Alonza*, Oh how he animates my rage! and turns me over to revenge, upon *Hippolyta* and her falſe lover. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Who's this that walks before us? [*They go out.*

Alon. No matter who.

Mar. I am follow'd. [*Enter again.*

Lov. See he ſtops. [Marcel *looks back.*

Alon. Let him do what he pleaſe, we will out-go him.

[*They go out.*

Lov. This man who e'er he be ſtill follows us.

Alon. I care not, nothing ſhall hinder my deſign, I'l go though I make my paſſage through his heart.

[*They enter at another door, he follows.*

Lov. See, he advances, pray ſtand by a little. [*They ſtand by.*

Mar. Sure there's ſome trick in this, but I'l not fear it. This is the ſtreet, and here about's the houſe. [*Looks about.*

This muſt be it, if I can get admittance now. [*Knocks.*

Enter Olinda *with a light.*

Olin. O, Sir, are you come? my Lady grew impatient.

[*They go in.*

Mar. She takes me for ſome other: this is happy. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Gods! is not that the Maid that firſt conducted me to the fair thing that rob'd me of my heart?

Lov. I think it is.

Alon. She gives admittance to another man. All women-kind are falſe, I'l in and tell her ſo. [*Offers to go.*

Lov. You are too raſh, 'tis dangerous.

Alon. I do deſpiſe thy counſel, let me go.

Lov. If you're reſolv'd, I'l run the hazard with you.

SCENE II.

They both go in, the Scene changes to a chamber: Enter from one ſide Olinda, *lighting in* Marcel *muffled as before in his Cloak; from the other* Antonio *leading in* Euphemia *vail'd.*

Mar. BY Heavens 'tis ſhe: Vile ſtrumpet!

[*Throws off his cloak, and ſnatches her from him.*

Euph. Alas, this is not he whom I expected.

Anto. *Marcel!* I had rather have incounter'd my evil Angel than thee. [*Draws.*

Mar. I do believe thee, baſe ungenerous coward. [*Draws.*

They

They fight, Marcel *disarms* Antonio *by wounding his hand. Enter* Alonzo, *goes betwixt them; and with his sword drawn opposes* Marcel, *who is going to kill* Antonio; Lovis *follows him.*

Alon. Take courage, Sir. [*To* Antonio, *who goes out mad.*

Mar. Prevented! who e'er thou be'st,
It was unjustly done,
To save his life who merits death,
By a more shameful way.
But thanks ye gods she still remains to meet
That punishment that's due to her foul lust.

[*Offers to run at her,* Alonzo *goes between.*

Alon. 'Tis this way you must make your passage then.

Mar. What art thou, that thus a second time
Dar'st interpose between revenge and me?

Alon. 'Tis *Marcell* what can this mean? [*Aside.*
Dost thou not know me, friend? look on me well.

Mar. Alonzo here! Ah! I shall dye with shame. [*Aside.*
As thou'rt my friend, remove from that bad woman,
Whose sins deserve no sanctuary.

Euph. What can he mean? I dare not show my face. [*Aside.*

Alon. I do believe this woman is a false one,
But still she is a woman, and a fair one:
And would not suffer thee to injure her,
Though I believe she has undone thy quiet,
As she has lately mine.

Mar. Why dost thou know it then?
Stand by, I shall forget thou art my friend else,
And through thy heart reach hers.

Alon. Nothing but love could animate him thus,
He is my Rival. [*Aside.*
Marcel, I will not quit one inch of ground;
Do what thou dar'st, for know I do adore her,
And thus am bound by love to her defence.

[*Offers to fight* Marcel, *who retires in wonder.*

Euph. Hold noble stranger, hold.

Mar. Have you such pity on your lover, there?

[*Offers to kill her,* Alonzo *stays him.*

Euph. Help, help. [*Her vail falls off.*

Enter Hippolyta *dreſt like a Curtizan:* *Sees* Marcel.

Hip. Oh Gods, my brother! in pity, Sir, defend me,
From the juſt rage of that incenſed man.

Runs behind Lovis, *whilſt* Marcel *ſtands gazing on both with wonder.*

Lov. I know not the meaning of all this, but
However I'l help the Lady in diſtreſs.
Madam, you're ſafe, whilſt I am your protector.

[*Leads her out.*

Mar. I've loſt the power of ſtriking where I ought,
Since my miſguided hand ſo lately err'd.
Oh rage, dull ſenceleſs rage, how blind and
Rude it makes us.
Pardon fair creature my unruly paſſion,
And only blame your vail which hid that face,
Whoſe innocence and beauty had diſarm'd it:
I took you for the moſt perfidious woman,
The falſeſt looſeſt thing.

Alon. How! are you a ſtranger to her?

Mar. Yes I am, have you forgiven me Madam?

Euph. Sir, I have. [Marcel *bows and offers to go out.*

Alon. Stay friend, and let me know your quarrel.

Mar. Not for the world, *Alonzo.*

Alon. This is unfriendly, Sir.

Mar. Thou doſt delay me from the nobleſt deed,
On which the honour of my houſe depends,
A deed which thou wilt curſe thy ſelf for hindring.
Farewel. [*Goes out.*

Alon. What can the meaning of this be?

Euph. Oh do not ask, but let us quickly leave this dangerous place.

Alon. Does't not belong to you?

Euph. No, but you would like me the better if it did: for, Sir, it is a——

Alon. Upon my life a baudy-houſe.

Euph. So they call it.

Alon. You do amaze me.

Euph.

Euph. Truth is, not daring to truſt my friends or relations with a ſecret that ſo nearly concern'd me, as the meeting you, and hearing of a new come Curtizan living in this houſe, I ſent her word I would make her a viſit, knowing ſhe would gladly receive it from a Maid of my quality: When I came, I told her my buſineſs, and very frankly ſhe offer'd me her houſe and ſervice.

Perhaps you'l like me the worſe for this bold venture, but when you conſider my promis'd husband is every day expected, you will think it but juſt to ſecure my ſelf any way.

Alon. You could not give me a greater proof than this of what you ſay, you bleſs me with your Love.

Euph. I will not queſtion but you are in earneſt; at leaſt if any doubt remain, theſe will reſolve it. [*Gives him Letters.*

Alon. What are theſe, Madam?

Euph. Letters, Sir, I intercepted from the Father of my deſign'd Husband out of *Flanders* to mine.

Alon. What uſe can I make of them?

Euph. Only this: put your ſelf into an equipage very ridiculous, and pretend you are my fooliſh lover arriv'd from *Flanders*; call your ſelf *Haunce van Erel*, and give my Father theſe, as for the reſt I'l truſt your wit,

Alon. What ſhall I ſay or do now? [*Aſide.*

Euph. Come, come, no ſtudy, Sir, this muſt be done,
And quickly too, or you will loſe me.

Alon. Two great evils, if I had but the grace to chuſe the leaſt now, that is, loſe her. [*Aſide.*

Euph. I'l give you but to night to conſider it.

Alon. Short warning this: but I am damnably in love, and cannot withſtand temptation. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Euph. I had forgot to tell you my name's *Euphemia*, my Father's you will find on the Letters, and pray ſhow your love in your haſte. Farewel.

Alon. Stay fair *Euphemia*, and let me pay my thanks, and tell you that I muſt obey you.

Euph. I give a credit where I give a heart.
Go inquire my birth and fortune, as for you
I am content with what I ſee about you.

Alon.

Alon. That's bravely said, nor will I ask one question about you, not only to return the bounty, but to avoid all things that look like the approaches to a marryed life. If fortune will put us together, let her e'en provide for us.

Euph. I must be gone: Farewel, and pray make haste,

[*Looks kindly on him.*

Alon. There's no resisting those looks, *Euphemia*: One more to fortifie me well; For I shall have need of every aid in this case.

[*Look at one another and go.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antonio *in haste with* Hippolyta, *weeping, as passing over the stage.*

Ant. COme let us haste, I fear we are pursu'd.

Hip. Ah whither shall we fly?

Ant. We are near the gate, and must secure our selves with the darkness of the night in St. *Peters* Grove, we dare not venture into any house.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clarinda *and* Dormida *above in the Balcony.*

Clar. Can'st thou not see him yet?

Dorm. Good lack-a-day what an impatient thing is a young Girl in love?

Clar. Nay, good *Dormida*, let not want of sleep make thee testy.

Dorm. In good time are you my Governess, or I yours? that you are giving me instructions, go get you in, or I shall lay down my office.

Clar. Nay, wait a little longer, I'm sure he will come.

Dorm. You are sure! you have wonderous skill indeed in the humours of men: how came you to be so well acquainted with them? you scarce ever saw any but *Don Marcel*, and him too but through a grate or window, or at Church, and yet you are sure. I am a little the elder of the two, and have manag'd as many intrigues of this kind as any woman, and never

never found a constant just man, as they say, of a thousand, and yet you are sure.

Clar. Why is it possible *Marcel* should be false?

Dorm. Marcel! no, no, sweet-heart, he is that man of a thousand.

Clar. But if he should, you have undone me, by telling me so many pretty things of him.

Dorm. Still you question my ability, which by no means I can indure; get you in I say.

Clar. Do not speak so loud, you will wake my mother.

Dorm. At your instructions again; do you question my conduct and management of this affair: go watch for him your self: I'l have no more to do with you back nor edge.

[*Offers to go.*

Clar. Will you be so barbarous to leave me to my self, after having made it your business this three months to solicit a heart which was but too ready to yield before; after having sworn to me how honourable all his intents were; nay, made me write to him to come to night? And now when I have done this, and am all trembling with fear and shame (and yet an infinite desire to see him too) [*Sighs.* thou wilt abandon me: go, when such as you oblige, 'tis but to be insolent with the more fredom.

Dorm. What you are angry I'l warrant? [*Smiles.*

Clar. I will punish my self to pay thee back, and will not see *Marcel.*

Dorm. What a pettish fool is a Maid in love at fifteen, how unmanageable? but I'l forgive all, go get you in, I'l watch for your lover; I would not have you disoblige a man of his pretensions, and quality for all the world.

[Clarinda *goes in.*

Enter Alonzo *below.*

Alon. Now do I want *Lovis* extremely, to consult with him about this business: For I am afraid the divel, or love, or both are so great with me, that I must marry this fair Inchantress, which is very unluckily; but, since *Ambrosio* and *Marcel* refuse to see me, I hold my self no longer ingag'd in honour to *Hippolyta.*

Dorm.

Dorm. above. Whist, whist, Sir, Sir.

Alon. Whose there?

Dor. 'Tis I, your servant, Sir; oh you are a fine spark, are you not, to make so fair a creature wait so long for you? there, there's the key, open the door softly and come in.

[*Throws him down a key in a handkerchief.*

Alon. What's this? but I'l ask no questions: so fair a creature said she? Now if 'twere to save my life cannot I forbear, I must go in: Should *Euphemia* know this, she would call it levity and inconstance; but I plead necessity, and will be judg'd by the amorous men, and not the jealous women: For certain this Lady, who e're she be, designs me a more speedy favour than I can hope from *Euphemia*, and on easier terms too: this is the door, that must conduct to the languishing *Venus*.

[*Opens the door and goes in, leaving it unshut.*

Enter Marcel *with his sword drawn.*

Mar. Thus far I have pursu'd the fugitives,
Who by the help of hasty fear and night,
Are got beyond my power; unlucky accident!
Had I but kill'd *Antonio*, or *Hippolyta*,
Either had made my shame supportable.
But though I have mist the pleasure of revenge,
I will not that of love.
One look from fair *Clarinda* will appease
The madness which this disappointment rais'd.

[*Walks looking towards the window.*

None appears yet: *Dormida* was to throw me down the key.
The door is open, left so to give me entrance.

[*Goes to the door.*

SCENE IV.

[*Changes to a dark hall.*

Discovers Alonzo *groping about in the hall.*

Alon. NOw am I in a worse condition than before, can neither advance nor retreat; I do not like this groping

groping alone in the dark thus; whereabouts am I? I dare not call: were this fair thing ſhe ſpoke of but now, half ſo impatient as I, ſhe would bring a light and conduct me.

Enter Marcel.

Mar. 'Tis wondrous dark.

Alon. Hah! a mans voice that way; that's not ſo well, it may be ſome Lover, Husband or Brother; none of which are to be truſted in this caſe, therefore I'l ſtand upon my guard.

[*Draws:* Marcel *coming towards juſtles him.*

Mar. Who's there?

Alon. A man.

Mar. A man! none ſuch inhabit here. [*Draws.* Thy buſineſs?

Alon. This ſhall anſwer you, ſince there's no other way.

They fight, Alonzo *wounds* Marcel, *who fights him to the door;* Alonzo *goes out,* Marcel *gropes to follow.*

Mar. This is not juſt ye gods to puniſh me, and let the Traytor ſcape unknown too: Me thought 'twas *Silvio*'s voice, or elſe a ſudden thought of jealouſie come into my head, would make me think ſo.

Enter Clarinda *and* Dormida *with light.*

Clar. I tell you I did hear the noiſe of fighting.

Dor. Why, between whom ſhould it be? I'l be ſworn *Marcel* came in alone.

Clar. *Marcel*! and wounded too, oh I am loſt.

[*Sees him, weeps.*

Mar. Keep your falſe tears to bath your lovers wounds, For I perhaps have given ſome—— Thou old aſſiſtant to her luſt, whoſe greateſt ſin is wiſhing, tell me who 'twas thou didſt procure for her. [*In rage to* Dormida.

Dorm. Alas! I cannot imagine who it ſhould be, unleſs *Don Silvio*, who has ſometimes made addreſſes to her: But oh the houſe is up, Madam, we are undone; let's flie for heavens ſake.

Clar. Oh *Marcel*, can you believe—— [*A noiſe.*

Dorm. Come, come, I'l not be undone for your fidle fadles, I'l lay it all on you if I be taken. [*Pulls out* Clarinda.

Mar. So that I was, I could not gueſs at this to day, by his anger at the Letter I fooliſhly ſhew'd him, he is my rival,

and 'tis with him she's fled; and I'l indeavour to pursue them. [*Offers to go.*
But oh my strength complys with their [*Leaning on his sword.*
design, and shamefully retires to give them leave to play their amorous game out. [*Goes faintly out.*

SCENE V.

[*Changes to the Street.*

Discovers Alonzo *alone.*

Alon. THis Act of mine was rash, and ill natur'd,
And I cannot leave the Street with a good conscience,
Till I know what mischief I have done.

Enter Dormida *and* Clarinda.

Hah, Ladys from the same house! these are birds that I have frighted from their nests I am sure: I'l profer my service to them.

Dor. Why do not you make more haste?

Clar. How can she go whose life is left behind?
Besides I know not whither we should go.
Ye powers that guard the innocent protect us.

Alon. These must be some whom I have injur'd.
Ladys —— you seem as in distress.

Dorm. Oh, Sir, as you are a Gentleman assist a pair of Virgins.

Alon. What's this, a mumping Matron? I hope the others young, or I have offer'd my service to little purpose.

Clar. Sir, if you will have the charity to assist us,
Do it speedily, we shall be very grateful to you.

Alon. Madam, I will, but know not where to carry ye; my lodging is an Inn, and is neither safe nor honourable: but fortune cares no less than protect the fair, and I'l venture my life in your protection and service. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Marcel *faintly.*

Mar. Stay Traytor stay, oh they are out of sight,
But may my curse o'ertake them in their flight. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[*Chamber of* Cleonte.

She is discover'd in her night-gown, at a Table, as undressing Franciſca *by her.*

Cleo. FRanciſca, thou art dull to night. [*Sighs.*

Franc. You will not give me leave to talk.

Cleo. Not thy way indeed, haſt thou no ſtorys but of love, and of my Brother *Silvio*?

Franc. None that you wiſh to hear: But I'l do what you pleaſe, ſo you will not oblige me to figh for you.

Cleo. Then prethee ſing to me.

Franc. What Song, a merry or a ſad?

Cleo. Pleaſe thy own humour, for then thou'lt ſing beſt.

Franc. Well, Madam, I'l obey you and pleaſe my ſelf.

[SINGS.]

AMyntas led me to a grove,
Where all the Trees did ſhade us:
The Sun it ſelf, though it had ſtrove,
Yet could not have betray'd us.
The place ſecure from humane eyes,
No other fear allows;
But when the winds that gently riſe
Do kiſs the yielding boughs.

Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton tricks, to paſs
The heat of all the day.

A many kisses he did give,
And I return'd the same:
Which made me willing to receive,
That which I dare not name.

His charming eyes no aid requir'd,
To tell their amorous tales;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas easie to prevail.
He did but kiss, and clasp me round,
Whilst they his thoughts expresst,
And laid me gently on the ground;
Ah! who can guess the rest?

After the Song, enter Silvio *all undrest, gazing wildly on* Cleonte; *his arm ty'd up.*

Cle. My Brother *Silvio*, at this late hour, and in my lodgings too! How do you, Sir? are you not well?

Sil. Oh why did nature give me being? [*Aside.*
Or why create me brother to *Cleonte*?
Or give her charms, and me the sense to adore 'em?

Cleo. Dear Brother—— [*Goes to him.*

Sil. Ah *Cleonte*—— [*Takes her by the hand and gazes.*

Cleo. What would you, Sir?

Sil. I am not—— well——

Cleo. Sleep, Sir, will give you ease.

Sil. I cannot sleep, my wounds do rage and burn so, as they put me past all power of rest.

Cleo. We'l call your Surgeon, Sir.

Sil. He can contribute nothing to my cure,
But I must owe it all to thee, *Cleonte*.

Cleo. Instruct me in the way, give me your arm,
And I will bath it in a thousand tears, [*Goes to untye his arm.*
And breath so many sighs into your wound——

Sil. Let that slight hurt alone, and search this—— here. [*To his heart.*

Cleo. How! are you wounded there?
And would not let us know it all this while?

Sil.

Sil. I durſt not tell you, but deſign'd to ſuffer;
Rather than trouble you with my complaints;
But now my pain is greater than my courage.
Franc. Oh, he will tell her, that he loves her ſure. [*Aſide.*
Cleo. Sit down, and let me ſee't.
[*He ſits down, ſhe puts her hand into his boſom.*
Franc. Oh fooliſh innocence—— [*Aſide.*
Cleo. You have deceiv'd me brother, here's no wound.
Sil. Oh take away your hand——
It does increaſe my pain, and wounds me deeper.
Cleo. No, ſurely, Sir, my hand is very gentle.
Sil. Therefore it hurts me ſiſter; the very thoughts
Of touches by ſo ſoft and fair a hand,
Playing about my heart are not to be
Indur'd with life. [*Riſes in paſſion.*
Cleo. Alas, what means my Brother?
Sil. Can you not gueſs fair ſiſter? have my eyes
So ill expreſt my ſoul? or has your innocence
Not ſuffer'd you to underſtand my ſighs?
Have then a thouſand tales which I have told you;
Of broken hearts and lovers languiſhments,
Not ſerv'd to tell you, that I did adore you?
Cleo. Oh let me ſtill remain in innocence,
Rather than ſin ſo much to underſtand you.
Franc. I can indure no more—— [*Goes out.*
Sil. Can you believe it ſin to love a Brother? it is not ſo in nature.
Cleo. Not as a Brother, Sir; but otherwiſe
It is, by all the Laws of Men and Heaven.
Sil. Siſter, ſo 'tis that we ſhould do no murther,
And yet you daily kill, and I among the number
Of your victims, muſt charge you with the ſin of
Killing me, a Lover, and a Brother.
Cleo. What would you have me do?
Sil. Why—I would have thee do—— I know not what——
Still to be with me—— yet that will not ſatisfie;
To let me—— look upon thee—— ſtill that's not enough.
I dare not ſay to kiſs thee, and imbrace thee;

And I

That were to make me wish—— I dare not tell thee what——

Cleo. I must not hear this language from a Brother.

[*She offers to go.*

Sil. What a vile thing's a brother?
Stay, take this dagger, and add one wound more

[*He kneels and offers her a dagger, and holds her by the coat.*

To those your eyes have given, and after that
You'l find no trouble from my sighs and tears.

Enter Franciſca.

Franc. By this ſhe underſtands him, curſe on her innocence,
'Tis fuel to his flame—— [*Aſide.*] Madam, there is below a Lady who deſires to ſpeak with the Miſtreſs of the houſe.

Cleo. At this hour a Lady! who can it be?

Franc. I know not, but ſhe ſeems of quality.

Cleo. Is ſhe alone?

Franc. Attended by a Gentleman and an old woman.

Cleo. Perhaps ſome one that needs a kind aſſiſtance? my father is in bed, and I'l venture to know their buſineſs: Bring her up.

Franc. 'Twere good you ſhould retire, Sir.

[*To* Silvio, *and Exit.*

Sil. I will, but have a care of me, *Cleonte*,
I fear I ſhall grow mad, and ſo undo thee:
Love me—— but do not let me know't too much. [*Goes out.*

Enter Franciſca *with lights, followed by* Alonzo, Clarinda, *and* Dormida: Alonzo *gazes on* Cleonte *a while.*

Cleo. Is't me you would command?

Clar. I know not what to ſay, I'm ſo diſorder'd. [*Aſide*

Alon. What Troops of beauties ſhe has! ſufficient to take whole Cities in.—— Madam, I beg——

[*Takes* Clarinda *by the hand, and approaches* Cleonte.

Cleo. What, Sir?

Alon. That you would receive into protection——

Cleo. What pray, Sir?

Alon. Would you would give me leave to ſay a heart, that your fair eyes have lately made unfit for its old quarters.

Cleo.

Cleo. I rather think you mean this Lady, Sir.

[Alonzo *looks with wonder on* Clarinda

Alon. She's heavenly fair too, and has surpris'd my heart, just as 'twas going to the others bosom, and rob'd her at least of one half of it. [*Aside.*

Clar. Madam, I am a Virgin in distress,
And by misfortune forc'd to seek a sanctuary,
And humbly beg it here.

Cleo. Intreaties were not made for that fair mouth,
Command and be obey'd.
But, Sir, to whom do you belong?

Alon. I belong to a very fair person,
But do not know her name.

Cleo. But what are you, pray, Sir?

Alon. Madam, a wanderer; a poor lost thing, that none will own or pity.

Cleo. That's sad indeed; but who e'er you are, since you belong to this fair Maid, you'l find a welcome every where.

Alon. And if I do not, I am cashier'd. [*Aside.*
Madam, if telling you I am her Brother,
Can make me more acceptable,
I shall be yet more proud of the alliance.

Cleo. What must I call your Sister, Sir, when I would pay my duty?

Alon. There I am routed again with another hard question. [*Aside.*

Clar. Madam, my name's *Clarinda.*

Alon. Madam, I'l take my leave, and wish the heart I leave with you to night, may perswade you to suffer my visits to morrow, till when I shall do nothing but languish.

Cleo. I know not what loss you have suffer'd to night; but since your fair Sisters presence with us allows it, you need not doubt a welcome.

Alon. I humbly thank you, Madam.

[*Kisses her hand, and looks amorously on* Clarinda.

Franc. Madam, pray retire, for *Don Marcel* is come into the house all bloudy, inrag'd against somebody.

Clar.

Clar. I'm troubled at his hurt, but cannot fear his rage. Good night, Sir. [*They go out.*

Alon. They are gone; now had I as much mind to have kist the others hand, but that 'twas not a ceremony due to a Sister: what the Devil came into my head to say she was so? nothing but the natural itch of talking and lying; they are very fair; but what's that to me, *Euphemia* surpasses both: but a pox of her terms of marriage, I'l set that to her beauty, and then these get the day, as far as natural necessity goes: but I'l home and sleep upon't, and yield to what's most powerful in the morning.

To night these strangers do my heart possess,
But which the greatest share, I cannot guess:
My fate in love resembles that in war,
When the rich spoil falls to the common share. [*Goes out.*

SCENE VII. [*The Street.*

Enter Alonzo, *as out of the house gazing upon it.*

Alon. SUre I shall know this house again to morrow, [*To him* Lovis.

Lov. I wonder what should be become of *Alonzo*, I do not like these night-works of his. —— Whose there?

Alon. Lovis!

Lov. Alonzo!

Alon. The same, where hast thou been?

Lov. In search of you this two hours.

Alon O I have been taken up with new adventures, since I saw thee; but prethee what became of thine? for me thought it was a likely woman.

Lov. Faith, Sir, I thought I had got a Prize; but a pox on't, when I came into the Street, e'er she had recover'd breath to tell me who she was, the Cavalier you rescu'd from *Scarce* laid claim to her; thank'd me for her preservation and vanisht. I hope you had better luck with your Female, whose face I had not the good fortune to see.

Alon.

Alon. Not so good as I could have wisht, for she stands still on her honourable terms.

Lov. Of Matrimony, ha, ha, a very Jilt, I'l warrant her; Come, come, you shall see her no more.

Alon. Faith, I fear I must.

Lov. To what purpose?

Alon. To perswade her to reason.

Lov. That you'l soon do, when she finds you will not bite at t'other bait.

Alon. The worst is, if I see her again, it must be at her fathers house; and so transform'd from man to beast—— I must appear like a ridiculous lover she expects out of *Flanders*.

Lov. A very cheat, a tuck to draw thee in; be wise in time.

Alon. No on my conscience she's in earnest, she told me her name, and his I am to represent.

Lov. What is't, I pray?

Alon. Haunce van Ezel.

Lov. Hah; her name too, I beseech you? [*Impatiently.*

Alon. Euphemia! and such a creature 'tis——

Lov. 'Sdeath my Sister all this while: This has call'd up all that's Spaniard in me, and makes me raging mad. [*Aside.* But do you love her, Sir?

Alon. Most desperately, beyond all sence or reason.

Lov. And could you be content to marry her?

Alon. Any thing but that—— But thou know'st my ingagement elsewhere; and I have hopes, that yet she'l be wise, and yield on more pleasant terms.

Lov. I could be angry now; but 'twere unreasonable to blame him for this. [*Aside.* Sir, I believe by your treatment from *Ambrosio* and *Marcel*, you may come off there easily.

Alon. That will not satisfie my honour, though it will my love; that I have not *Hippolyta*, I still owe to my own inconstancie, not theirs; besides this may be a cheat as you say.

Lov. But does *Euphemia* love you?

Alon. 'Faith, I think she has too much wit to dissemble,

ble, and too much beauty to need that Art.

Lov. Then you must marry her.

Alon. Not if I can avoid it.

Lov. I know this Lady, Sir, and know her to be worth your love; I have it in my power too, to serve you, if you proceed suddenly, which you must do or lose her; for this *Flandrian* Boor your Rival is already arriv'd, and designs to morrow to make his first address to *Euphemia*.

Alon. Oh he must not, shall not see her.

Lov. How will you hinder him?

Alon. With this. [*To his sword.*

Where is this Rival? tell me: Conduct me to him straight; I find my love above the common rate, and cannot brook this Rival.

Lov. So, this blows the flame ——— His life will be no hindrance to you in this affair, if you design to love on.

Alon. Dost know him?

Lov. Yes, he is a pleasant original for you to be copy'd by: It is the same Fopp, I told you was to marry my Sister, and who came along with me to *Madrid*.

Alon. How! *Euphemia* thy Sister?

Lov. Yes, indeed is she, and whom my Father designs to cast away upon this half man, half fool; but I find she has wit to make a better choice; she yet knows nothing of my arrival, and till you resolve what to do, shall not; and my Dutchman does nothing without me.

Alon. If thou hast the management of him, he's likely to thrive.

Lov. But now in his Amour, if you please: In short, Sir, if you do really love my Sister, I am content to be so ungracious a child to contribute to the cheating my Father of this same hopeful son he expects, and put you upon him; but what you do, must be speedily then.

Alon. I am oblig'd to thee for this frank offer, and will be instructed by thee.

Lov. If you're resolv'd, I'll warrant you success.

Alon.

Alon. I think I am resolv'd in spight of all my inclinations to libertinism.

Lov. Well, Sir, I'l get you such a suit then, as that our Hero makes his first approach in, as ridiculously gay as his humour, which you must assume too.

Alon. Content.

Lov. To night I must pay my duty to my Father, and will prepare your way, and acquaint my sister with it: 'tis but a frolick if we succeed not.

Alon. God a mercy lad, let's about it then e'er we sleep, lest I change my resolution before morning. [*Exeunt.*

The end of the second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I. [*House of* Carlo.

Enter Alonzo, *dress ridiculously, meeting* Lovis; *they laugh at each other.*

Lov. VEry *Haunce* all over, the Taylor has play'd his part, play but yours as well, and I'l warrant you the wench.

Alon. But prethee, why need I act the fool thus, since *Haunce* was never seen here?

Lov. To make good the character I always gave of him to my Father; but here he comes, pray be very rude, and very impertinent.

Alon. Lord, Lord, how shall I look thus damnably set out, and thus in love!

Enter Don Carlo.

Lov. This, Sir, is Monsieur *Haunce*, your son that must be.

Alon. *Beso los manos signor:* Is your name *Don Carlo?* and are you the gravity of this House? and the Father of *Donna Euphemia?* and are you——

Car. Sir, I guess by all these your demands at once; Your name to be *Myn heer Haunce van Ezel.*

Alon. Your judgement's good; but to my questions.

Car. In truth I have forgot them, there was so many.

Alon. Are you he who is to be my Father?

Car. 'Tis so negotiated—— and if all circumstances concur—— For, Sir, you must conceive, the consequence of so grand a conjunction——

Alon. Less of your complyments, Sir, and more of your Daughter, I beseech you. 'Shart what a formal coxcomb 'tis! [*Aside.*

Lov. Prethee give him way. [*Aside.*

Alon. By this light I'l lose thy sister first? Why who can indure the grave approaches to the marten? 'Dslife, I would have it as I would my fate, sudden and unexpected.

Car. Pray how long have you been landed?

Alon. So, now shall I be plagu'd with nothing but wise questions, to which I am able to make no answer. [*Aside.* Sir, it is your Daughter that I desire to see impatiently.

Car. Have you no letters from my very good friend your Father?

Alon. What if I have not? cannot I be admitted to your Daughter without a pass?

Car. O lack, Sir——

Alon. But to let you see I come with full power (though I am old enough to recommend my self) here is my commission for what I do. [*Gives him Letters.*

Car. I remember amongst his other faults, my son writ me word he had courage: if so, I shall consider what to do. [*Reads.* Sir, I find by these your Father's letters, you are not yet arriv'd.

Alon. I know that, Sir, but I was told I should express my love in my haste: therefore outsailing the Packet, I was the welcome messenger my self; and since I am so forward, I beseech you, Sir—— [Carlo *coming to imbrace him.* Now dare not I proceed, he has so credulous a consenting face. [*Aside.*

Car. Spare your words, I understand their meaning, a prudent

prudent man ſpeaks leaſt, as the *Spaniard* has it; and ſince you are ſo forward, as you were ſaying; I ſhall not be backward, but as your Father adviſeth here, haſten the uniting of our Families, with all celerity; for delay in theſe affairs, is but to prolong time, as the wiſe man ſays.

Alon. You are much in the right, Sir. But my wife, I deſire to be better acquainted with her.

Car. She ſhall be forth-coming, Sir. Had you a good paſſage? for the ſeas and winds regard no mans neceſſity.

Alon. No, no, a very ill one: your Daughter, Sir.

Car. Pray how long were you at ſea?

Alon. Euphemia, Sir, *Euphemia*, your daughter. This Don's fuller of queſtions than of proverbs, and that's a wonder. [*Aſide.*

Car. They ſay *Flanders* is a very fine Country, I never ſaw it; but——

Alon. Nor 'tis no matter, Sir, if you never do, ſo I ſaw your Daughter. He'l catechiſe me home to my Dutch Parents by and by, of which I can give him no more account than—— [*Aſide.*

Car. Are they as diſſatisfied with their new Governour, as they were with Don *John*? for they love change.

Alon. A pox of their government, I tell you I love your Daughter.

Car. I fear 'tis ſo, he is valiant, and what a dangerous quality is that in *Spain*? 'tis well he's rich. [*Aſide.*

Lov. Pray, Sir, keep him not long in diſcourſe, the ſea has made him unfit for——

Alon. Any thing but ſeeing my Miſtreſs.

Lov. I'l have mercy upon thee, and fetch her to thee. [*Exit* Lovis.

Car. Sir, you muſt know, that we ſuffer not our women in *Spain* to converſe ſo frequently with your ſex, and that through a cautious—— well conſider'd prudent—— conſideration.

Alon. But, Sir, do you conſider what an impatient thing a young lover is, or is it ſo long ſince you were one your ſelf, you have forgot it? 'Tis well he wanted words: Butt yonder's

yonder's *Euphemia*, whose beauty is sufficient to excuse every defect in the whole Family, though each were a mortal sin: and now 'tis impossible to guard my self longer from those fair eyes. [*Aside.*

[*Enter* Euphemia *and* Lovis.

Car. I must not urge him to speak much before *Euphemia*, lest she discover he wants wit by his much tongue: [*Aside.* There's my daughter, Sir, go and salute her.

Alon. Oh, I thank you for that, Sir.

[*He stands ridiculously looking on her.*

Car. You must be bold, Sir.

Alon. Well, Sir, since you command me——

[*Goes rudely to kiss her.*

Car. I did not mean kissing by saluting.

Alon. I cry you mercy, Sir, so I understood you.

Car. Fie upon't, that he should be no more a Master of civility.

Lov. I fear, Sir, my Sister will never like this humour in her Lover; he wants common conversation.

Car. Conversation—— ye foolish boy, he has money and needs none of your conversation. And yet if I thought he were valiant——

[*This, while* Alonzo *and* Euphemia *make signs of love with their eyes.*

Lov. I hope, Sir, he does but boast of more of that than he really has.

Car. That fault I my self have been guilty of, and can excuse; but the thing it self I shall never indure: you know I was forc'd to send you abroad, because I thought you addicted to that. I shall never sleep in quiet—— Valiant! that's such a thing to be rich or wise, and valiant.

[*Goes to* Euphemia.

Lov. Colonel, pray to the business, for I fear you will betray your self.

Car. But look upon his wealth *Euphemia*, and you will find those advantages there which are wanting in his person: But I think the man's well.

Euph. I must not seem to yield too soon. [*Aside.* Sir, there be many Spaniards born that are as rich as he, and have wit too.

Car.

Car. She was ever very averse to this marriage. [*Aside.*
This man is half Spaniard, his mother was one, and my first Mistress, and she I can tell you was a great fortune——

Euph. I, Sir, but he is such a fool——

Car. You are a worse, to find fault with that in a husband.

Alon. Stand aside, Sir, are you to court your Daughter or I?

Car. I was inclining her——

Alon. You inclining her! an old man want's Rhetorick; let me to her. [*Goes to* Euphemia.

Car. This capricious humour was tolerable in him, while I believ'd it the effects of folly; but now 'tis that of valour: Oh I tremble at the sight of him.

Euph. Now I see you are a Cavalier of your word.

Alon. Faith *Euphemia*, you might have believ'd, and taken me upon better terms, if you had so pleas'd: To marry you is but an ill-favour'd proof to give you of my passion.

Euph. Do you repent it?

Alon. Would to God 'twere come but to that, I was just upon the point of it when you enter'd. But I know not what the Divel there is in that face of yours, but it has debauch'd every sober thought about me: Faith, do not let us marry yet.

Euph. If we had not proceeded too far to retreat, I should be content.

Alon. What shall I come to? all on the sudden to leave delicious whoring, drinking and fighting, and be condemn'd to a dull honest Wife. Well, if it be my ill fortune, may this curse light on thee that hast brought me to't: may I love thee even after we are married to that troublesome degree, that I may grow most damnable jealous of thee, and keep thee from the sight of all mankind, but thy own natural husband, that so thou mayst be depriv'd of the greatest pleasure of this life, the blessing of change.

Euph. I am sorry to find so much ill nature in you, would you have the conscience to tye me to harder conditions than I would you?

Alon. Nay, I do not think I shall be so wickedly loving;

but

but I am resolv'd to marry thee and try.

Euph. My Father, Sir, on with your disguise. [*To them* Carlo.

Car. Well, Sir, how do you like my Daughter?

Alon. So, so, she'l serve for a Wife.

Clar. But do you find her willing to be so?

Alon. 'Tis not a half penny matter for that, as long as my Father and you are agreed upon the matter.

Car. Well *Euphemia*, setting all foolish modesty aside, how do you like this man?

Euph. As one, whom in obedience to you, I am content to cast my self away upon.

Car. How seems his humour to you?

Euph. Indifferent, Sir, he is not very courtly, something rough and hasty.

Car. I fear she has found his ill quality of valour too, and since 'tis certain 'tis so, why should it be said that I ruin'd a child to satisfie my appetite of riches? [*Aside.* Come Daughter, can you love him, or can you not? For I'l make but short work on't; you are my Daughter, and have a fortune great enough to inrich any man; and I'm resolv'd to put no force upon your inclinations.

Euph. How's this! nay, then 'tis time I left dissembling. [*Aside.* Sir, this bounty in you has strangely overcome me, and makes me asham'd to have withstood your will so long.

Car. Do not dissemble with me, I say do not; for I am resolv'd you shall be happy.

Euph. Sir, my obedience shall—

Car. No more of your obedience: I say again, do not dissemble, for I'm not pleas'd with your obedience.

Euph. This alteration is very strange and sudden; pray Heaven he have not found the cheat. [*Aside.* Love, Sir, they say, will come after marriage; pray let me try it.

Car. Few have found it so; nor shall you experience it at so dear a rate as your ruin.

Euph. But, Sir, methinks I am grown to love him more since he spoke to me, than before.

Clar. The effects of your obedience again.

Euph.

Euph. This is a ſtrange alteration, Sir; not all my tears and prayers before I ſaw him could prevail with you. I beſeech you, Sir, believe me.

Car. Nor ſhould now, had I not another reaſon for't.

Euph. Oh, I fear.—— But, Sir——

Car. Go to, I'l be better ſatisfi'd e'er I proceed farther; both of your inclinations, and his courage. [*Aſide.*

Euph. Do you conſider his wealth, Sir?

Car. That ſhall not now befriend him.

Alon. Sir, I bar whiſpering; 'tis not in my bargain nor civil: I'l have fair play for my money.

Car. I am only knowing my Daughters pleaſure, ſhe is a little peeviſh, as Virgins uſe in ſuch caſes, but would that were all, and I'd indeavour to reconcile her.

Alon. I thank you, Sir; in the mean time I'l take a walk for an hour or two, to get me a better ſtomach both to my Dinner and Miſtreſs.

Car. Do ſo, Sir. Come *Euphemia*, I will give you a proof of my indulgence, thou ſhalt marry no valiant fools, valiant quoth ye. Come, come—— had he been peaceable and rich—— Come, come—— [*Ex. with* Euphemia.

Lov. Well, now I'l go look after my Dutchman, leſt he ſurpriſe us here, which muſt not be; where ſhall I find you?

Alon. I'l wait upon my Prince, and then on you here.

Lov. Do ſo, and carry on this humour. Adieu.

SCENE II. [*A flat Grove.*

Enter Haunce *in a fantaſtical travelling habit with a bottle of brandy in his hand, as ſick;* Gload *marches after.*

Han. AH, ah, a pox of all Sea-voyages. [*Drinks.*
Here *Gload*, take thee t'other ſope and then let's home. [Gload *drinks.*
Ah, ha, a pox of all Sea-voyages.

Glo. Sir, if I may adviſe, take t'other turn in the Grove, for I find by my noſe you want more airing.

Hau. How ſirrah! by your noſe? have a care, you know 'tis ill jeſting with me when I'm angry.

Glo. Which is as often as you are drunk, I find it has the ſame effects on me too; but truly, Sir, I meant no other than that you ſmell a little of the veſſel, a certain ſour remains of a ſtorm about you.

Hau. Ah, ah, do not name a ſtorm to me, unleſs thou wilt have the effects on't in thy face. [*Drinks.*

Glo. Sha, ſha, bear up, Sir, bear up.

Hau. Salcrimente, a ſea phraſe too! why ye raſcal, I tell you I can indure nothing that puts me in mind of that element. [*Drinks.*

Glo. The ſight of *Donna Euphemia* will——

[Gload *drinks between whiles too.*

Hau. Hold, hold, let me conſider whether I can indure to hear her nam'd or not; for I think I am ſo throughly mortifi'd, I ſhall hardly reliſh woman-kind again this——two hours. [*Drinks.*

Glo. You a man of courage, and talk thus?

Hau. Courage? why what doſt thou call courage? *Hector* himſelf would not have chang'd his ten years ſiege for our ten days ſtorm at Sea—— a ſtorm—— a hundred thouſand fighting men are nothing to't; City's ſackt by fire nothing; 'tis a reſiſtleſs coward that attaques a man at diſadvantage; an unaccountable magick that firſt conjures down a mans courage, and then plays the Divel over him. And in fine, it is a ſtorm——

Glo. Good lack that it ſhould be all theſe terrible, things and yet that we ſhould outbrave it.

Hau. No god a mercy to our courages though, I tell you that now *Gload*; but like an angry wench, when it had huſt and bluſter'd it ſelf weary, it lay ſtill again. [*Drinks.*

Glo. Hold, hold, Sir, you know we are to make viſits to Ladies, Sir; and this repleniſhing of our ſpirits, as you call it, Sir, may put us out of caſe.

Hau. Thou art a fool, I never made love ſo well as when

I

XUM

I was drunk, it improves my parts, and makes me witty; that is, it makes me say any thing that comes next, which passes now-a-days for wit; and when I'm very drunk, I'l home and dress me, and the Divels in't, if she resist me so qualified, and so drest.

Glo. Truly, Sir, those are things that do not properly belong to you.

Hau. Your reason, your reason, we shall have thee witty too in thy drink, hah? [*Laughs.*

Glo. Why, I say, Sir, none but a Cavalier ought to be soundly drunk, or wear a sword and feather; and a cloak and band were fitter for a Merchant.

Hau. Salerimente, I'l beat any *Don* in *Spain* that does but think he has more right to any sort of debauchery, or gallantry than I, I tell you that now *Gload.*

Glo. Do you remember, Sir, how you were wont to go at home? when instead of a Periwig, you wore a slink, greasie hair of your own, through which a pair of large thin souses appear'd, to support a formal hat, on end thus——

[*Imitates him.*

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, the Rogue improves upon't.

[*Gives him Brandy.*

Glo. A Coller in stead of a Cravat twelve inches high; with a blew, stiff, starcht, lawn Band, set in print like your Whiskers; a Dublet with small Skirts hookt to a pair of wide-kneed Briches, which dangled half way over a leg, all to be dash'd and durty'd as high as the gartering.

Hu. Ha, ha, ha, very well, proceed. [*Drinks.*

Glo. Your hands defil'd with counting of damn'd durty money, never made other use of gloves, than continually to draw them through—— thus—— till they were dwindled into the scantling of a Cats-gut.

Ha. Ha, ha, ha, a pleasant rascal. [*Drinks.*

Glo. A cloak, half a yard shorter than the Breeches, not through lin'd, but fac'd as far as 'twas turn'd back, with a pair of frugal butter-hams, which was always manag'd—thus——

Hau. Well, Sir, have you done, that I may shew you this Merchant revers'd?

Glo. Presently, Sir; only a little touch at your debauchery, which unless it be in damn'd Brandy, you dare not go to the expence of. Perhaps at a wedding, or some treat where your purse is not concern'd, you would most insatiably tipple, otherwise your two stivers Club is the highest you dare go, where you will be condemn'd for a prodigal (even by your own conscience) if you add two more extraordinary to the sum, and at home sit in the chimney corner, cursing the face of Duke *de Alva* upon the Juggs, for laying an imposition on Beer: And now, Sir, I have done.

Hau. And dost thou not know when one of those thou hast described, goes but half a league out of Town, that he is so transform'd from the Merchant to the Gallant in all points, that his own Parents, nay, the Divel himself cannot know him? Not a young English Squire, newly come to an estate, above the management of his wit, has better horses, gayer cloathes, swears, drinks, and does every thing with a better grace than he: Damns the stingy Cabal of the two Stiver Club, and puts the young King of *Spain* and his Mistress together in a Romer of a Pottle, and in pure gallantry breaks the Glasses over his head, scorning to drink twice in the same; and a thousand things full as heroick and brave I could tell you of this same Holy-day Squire. But come, t'other turn, and t'other sope, and then for *Donna Euphemia*. For I find I begin to be reconcil'd to the sex.

Glo. But, Sir, if I might advise, let's e'en sleep first.

Hau. Away you fool, I hate the sober Spanish way of making love, that's unattended with Wine and Musick, give me a wench that will out-drink the Dutch, out-dance the French, and out——out—— kiss the English.

Glo. Sir, that's not the fashion in *Spain*.

Hau. Hang the fashion; I'l manage her that must be my wife as I please, or I'l beat her into fashion.

Glo. What beat a woman, Sir?

Hau. Sha, all's one for that, if I am provok'd, anger will have its effects on whomsoe'er it light; so said *Van Trump*, when he took his Mistress a cuff o'th' ear for finding fault.

fault with an ill-fashion'd leg he made her; I lik'd his humour well, therefore come thy ways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Draws off, discovers Antonio *sleeping on the ground;* Hippolyta *sitting by, who sings.*

AH false Amyntas, *can that hour*
So soon forgotten be,
When first I yielded up my power
To be betray'd by thee?
God knows with how much innocence
I did my heart resign,
Unto thy faithless eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.

I had not one reserve in store,
But at thy feet I laid
Those arms which conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy trophies made.
Thy eyes in silence told their tale,
Of love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail,
As after to betray.

[*She comes forth, weeps.*

Hip. My grief's too great to be diverted this way.
[*Pointing to* Antonio.
Why should this villain sleep, this treacherous man——
Who has for ever rob'd me of my rest?
Had I but kept my innocence intire,
I had out-brav'd my fate, and broke my chains,
Which now I bear like a poor guilty slave,
Who sadly crys, If I were free from these,
I am not from my crimes; so still lives on,
And drags his loathed fetters after him.

Why

Why ſhould I fear to dye, or murther him?
It is but adding one ſin more to th' number.
This----would ſoon do't——but where's the hand to guide it?
[*Draws a dagger, ſighs.*
For 'tis an act too horrid for a woman. [*Turns away.*
But yet thus ſleeping I might take that ſoul, [*Turns to him.*
Which waking all the charms of Art and Nature
Had not the power t' effect.
Oh were I brave, I could remember that,
And this way be the Miſtreſs of his heart.
But mine forbids it ſhould be that way won;
No, I muſt ſtill love on, in ſpight of me,
And wake him quickly, leſt one moments thought
Upon my ſhame ſhould urge me to undo him.
Antonio, Antonio.

He wakes, riſes and looks amazedly to ſee the dagger in her hand.

Ant. Vile woman, why that dagger in thy hand?
Hip. To've kill'd thee with;
But that my love o'ercame my juſter paſſion,
And put it in thy power to ſave thy ſelf,
Thank that, and not my reaſon for thy life.
Ant. She's doubly Arm'd, with that and injury,
And I am wounded and defenceleſs. [*Aſide.*
Hippolyta, why all this rage to me? [*Kindly ſmiles.*
Hip. Antonio, thou art perjur'd, falſe and baſe.
[*In great rage.*
Ant. What ſaid my faireſt Miſtreſs?
[*Goes to her looking ſoftly.*
Hip. I ſaid that thou wert perjur'd, falſe and baſe.
[*Leſs in rage.*
Ant. My dear *Hippolyta*, ſpeak it again,
I do not underſtand thee. [*Takes her by the hand.*
Hip. I ſaid that thou wert perjur'd my *Antonio*. [*Sighs.*
Ant. Thou wert to blame, but 'twas thy jealouſie,
Which being a fault of love I will excuſe.
Give me that mark of anger, prethee do,
It miſ-becomes thy hand.

Hip.

Hip. I've nothing left but this I can command,
And do not raviſh this too.

Ant. It is unkind thus to ſuſpect my love;
Will you make no allowance for my humour?
I am by nature rough and cannot pleaſe
With eyes and words all ſoft as others can,
But I can love as truly my blunt way.

Hip. You were ſo ſoft, when firſt you conquer'd me, [*Sighs.*
That but the thoughts of that dear face and eyes,
So manag'd, and ſo ſet for conqueſt out,
Would make me kind even to another man;
Could I but thus imbrace and hide my eyes,
And call him my *Antonio.*

[*She leans on his boſom, he the while gets her dagger.*

Ant. Stand off falſe woman, I deſpiſe thy love,
Of which to every man I know thou deal'ſt
An equal ſhare.

Hip. I do not wonder that I am deceiv'd,
But that I ſhould believe thee, after all thy treachery.
But pr'ethee tell me why thou treat'ſt me thus?
Why didſt thou with the ſacred vows of Marriage,
After a long and tedious courtſhip to me,
Raviſh me from my Parents and my Husband?
For ſo the brave *Alonzo* was by promiſe.

Ant. Why I will tell thee; 'twas not love to thee,
But hatred to thy Brother *Don Marcel,*
Who made addreſſes to the fair *Clarinda,*
And by his quality deſtroy'd my hopes.

Hip. And durſt you not revenge your ſelf on him?

Ant. His life alone could not appeaſe my anger;
And after ſtudying what I had to do——

Hip. The Divel taught thee this.

Ant. Yes, and you I choſe,
Becauſe you were contracted to *Alonzo,*
That the diſgrace might be more eminent.

Hip. I do believe thee, for when I reflect
On all thy uſage ſince thou haſt betray'd me,
I find thou haſt not pay'd me back one ſigh

Or

Or ſmile for all that I have given thee.

Ant. Hear me out.

Hip. Moſt calmly.

Ant. From Town to Town you know I did remove you,
Under pretence to ſhun your Brothers anger:
But 'twas indeed to ſpread your fame abroad.
But being not ſatisfi'd till in *Madrid*,
Here in your native Town I had proclaim'd you.
The houſe from whence your Brothers fury chac'd us,
Was a Bordello, where 'twas given out
Thou wert a *Venice* Curtizan to hire,
Whilſt you believ'd it was your Nuptial Palace. [*Laught.*

Hip. Doſt think I did not underſtand the plot?
Yes, and was mad till ſome young Lovers came.
But you had ſet a price too high upon me,
No brisk young man durſt venture,
I had expoſed my ſelf at cheaper rates.

Ant. Your price, I pray young ſinner?

[*Pulls off his hat in ſcorn.*

Hip. Thy life; he that durſt ſay *Antonio* lives no more,
Should have poſſeſt me *gratis*.

Ant. I would have taken care none ſhould have don't;
To ſhow, and offer you to ſale, was equally as ſhameful.

Hip. Well, what haſt thou more to do? this is no
Place to inhabit in; nor ſhalt thou force me further;
And back into the Town thou darſt not go.

Ant. Perhaps I had been kinder to you,
Had you continu'd ſtill to give me that——
Might have begot a paſſion in me.

Hip. I have too much repentance for that ſin
To increaſe it, at the price of being belov'd by thee.

Ant. Conſider what you do, this place is ſilent,
And far from any thing that may aſſiſt you.
Come lead me to the covert of this Grove. [*Takes her rudely.*

Enter Haunce *and* Gload *drunk*; Haunce *ſeeing them offers to go out again.*

Glo. Hold, hold, Sir, why do you run away?

Hau.

Han. Thou fool, doſt not ſee the reaſon?

Glo. I ſee a man and a Lady, Sir.

Han. Why you coxcomb they are Lovers; Or ſome that are going to do the deed of love.

Ant. How! men here? Your buſineſs.

Han. Prethee friend do not trouble your ſelf with ours, but follow your own; my man is a little ſawcie in his drink indeed, but I am ſober enough to underſtand how things go.

Ant. Leave us then.

Han. Leave us then—— good words, good words, friend, for look ye I am in a notable humour at preſent, and will be intreated.

Glo. Yes, Sir, we will be intreated.

Ant. Pray leave us then.

Han. That's ſomething—— but hark ye friend, ſay a man had a mind to put in for a ſhare with you.

Ant. Rude ſlaves leave us.

Han. Ha ſlaves!

Glo. Slaves ſaid you, Sir? hah——

Hip. Oh as you're a Gentleman aſſiſt me. [*To* Haunce.

Han. Aſſiſt thee? this fellow looks as he would not have his abilities call'd in queſtion; otherwiſe I am amorous enough to do thee a kindneſs.

[*Offers ſtill to go, ſhe holds him.*

Hip. Sir, you miſtake me; this is a raviſher——

Han. A raviſher! ha, ha, ha, doſt like him the worſe for that? no, no, I beg your pardon, Madam.

Hip. Have you no manhood, Sir?

Glo. She is in earneſt: now if I durſt ſtay, how I would domineer over my Maſter, I never try'd perhaps, I may be valiant thus inſpir'd. Lady, I am your champion, who dares raviſh you of me either?

Ant. Raſcal unhand her.

[*He comes up to them, Gload puts the Lady before him.*

Han. How, how *Gload* ingag'd! may I ſcorn to be outdone by my man. Sirrah, march off with the baggage, whilſt I ſecure the enemy.

Ant. Rash man what mean you?

Han. I say stand off, and let him go quietly away with the wench, or look you I——

Ant. Unmanner'd fool, I will chastise thy boldness.

[*Goes up to him with his dagger.*

Han. How, how, hast thou no other weapon?

Ant. No, if I had, thou durst not have incounter'd me.

Han. I scorn thy words, and therefore there lyes my sword, and since you dare me at my own weapon, I tell you I am as good at nick a snee as the best *Don* of you all——

[*Draws a great Dutch knife.*

Ant. Can I indure this affront?

Glo. The best way to make a coward fight, is to leave him in danger—— Come Lady—— [*Goes out.*

Ant. Thou base unmanner'd fool; how darst thou offer at a Gentleman, with so despis'd a thing as that?

Han. Despis'd a thing? talk not so contemptibly of this weapon: I say do not, but come on if you dare.

Ant. I can indure no longer——

[*Flies at him, Haunce cuts his face, and takes away (after a while) his Dagger.*

Injustice I can such a dog, and such a weapon vanquish me?

Han. Beg your life; for I scorn to stain my victory in blood——that I learnt out of *Pharamond.* [*Aside.*

Ant. He does not merit life, could not defend it against so poor and base a thing as thou: Had but *Marcel* left me my sword——

Han. O then I perceive you are us'd to be vanquish'd, and therefore I scorn to kill thee, live, live.

Ant. How the rascal triumphs over me!

Han. And now like a generous enemy, I will conduct thee to my Tent, and have thy wounds dress'd——

That too I had out of *Pharabond.* [*Aside.*

Ant. What if I take the offer of his foe? so I may see *Hippolita* again. But I forget—— [*Aside.*

Han. Will you accept my offer?

Ant. For some reasons I dare not venture into the Town.

Han. My lodging is at St. *Peters* gate, hard by; and on the Parol of a man of Prowess you shall be safe and free——

Pharamond again. [*Aside.*

Ant. I'l trust him, for worse I cannot be. [*Aside.*

Lead on, I'l follow, Sir——

Han. Not so, for though the captive ought to follow the victor, yet I'l not trust my enemy at my back-side.

Politicks too—— [*Aside.*

Ant. you must command—— [*Go out.*

SCENE IV. [*The Garden.*

Enter Silvio *and* Franciſca.

Sil. WEll dear *Franciſca*, will *Cleonte* come,
And all alone into the Garden?

Franc. My Lord, she will, I have at last prevail'd, to what intent she knows not; this is an hour wherin you'l scarce be interrupted: the amorous entertainment you have prepared for her, will advance your design; such objects heighten the desire: is all ready on your part?

Sil. It is, and I'm prepar'd for all the resistance she can make, and am resolv'd to satisfie my insupportable flame, since there's no other hopes left me.

Franc. She's coming, Sir, retire.

[*Exit* Silvio *into the Garden.*

Oh how he kills me: Well, at least this pleasure I have whilst I am dying; that when he possesses the fair *Cleonte*, he for ever ruines his interest in her heart, and must find nothing but her mortal hate and scorn.

Enter Cleonte.

Cleo. Franciſca, why art thou so earnest for my coming into the Garden so early?

Franc. Because, Madam, here without interruption you may learn what the Lady *Clarinda* has to tell you.

Cleo. Is that all? go wait upon her hither then.

Franc. Yes, when you'r more pleasant affair is dispatch'd, I will—— [*Aside.* [*Exit* Francisca.

Cleo. Can this be love I feel?
This strange unusual something in my soul,
That pleads so movingly for *Silvio* there;
And makes me wish him not allied to me.

A noise of Rural Musick is heard within the Trees, as Pipes, Flutes and Voices.

Hah! what pleasant noise is this? sure 'tis i'th' Air——
Bless me what strange things be these!

Enter Swains playing on Pipes, after them four Shepherds with Garlands and Flowers, and four Nymphs dancing an amorous Dance to that Musick, wherein the Shepherds make love to the Nymphs, and put the Garlands on their heads, and go out; the Nymphs come and lay them at Cleonte's *feet, and sing.*

1. Nymp. Here at your feet, we tribute pay,
Of all the glories of the May.
2. Nymp. *Such Trophies can be only due*
To victors so divine as you.
Both. *Come, follow, follow, where love leads the way,*
To pleasures that admit of no delay.
1. Nymp. *Come follow to the amorous shade,*
Cover'd with Roses and with Jessamine.
2. Nymp. *Where the love-sick boy is laid,*
Panting for Loves charming Queen.
Both. *Come, follow, follow, where we lead the way*
To pleasures that admit of no delay. [*Lead her out.*

The Scene changes to a fine Arbour, they leave her and vanish.

Cleo. I am all wonder.

Enter Silvio *in rapture, not yet seeing Cleonte.*

Sil. I'm all on fire, till I injoy my Sister;
Not all the Laws of Birth and Nature
Can hinder me from loving——Nor is't just:

Why

Why ſhould the charm of fair *Cleontes* eyes,
Me, leſs than Aliens to her blood ſurpriſe?
And why (ſince I love beauty every where,
And that *Cleonte* has the greateſt ſhare)
Should I not be allow'd to worſhip her?
The empty words of nature, and of blood,
Are ſuch as lovers never underſtood.
Prudence in love, 'twere nonſence to approve,
And he loves moſt that gives a looſe to love.

Cleo. Silvio here——

Sil. Hah—— yonder ſhe's! [*Sees her.*
And now my paſſion knows no bounds nor laws.
Cleonte come! come ſatisfie my flame!
[*Runs to her, and takes her paſſionately by the hand.*
Theſe private ſhades are ours, no jealous eye
Can interrupt our heaven of joy!

Cleo. What mean you? do you know I am your ſiſter?

Silv. Oh that accurſed name—— why ſhould it check me——
[*He pauſes.*
Would thou hadſt rather been ſome miſ-begotten Monſter,
That might have ſtartled nature at thy birth:
Or if the powers above would have thee fair,
Why went thou born my ſiſter?
Oh if thou wouldſt preſerve thy ſoul and mine,
Fly from this place and me; make haſte away,
A ſtrange wild Monſter is broke in upon thee;
A thing that was a man, but now as mad,
As raging Love can make him.
Fly me, or thou art loſt for ever.

Cleo. Remember *Silvio* that you are my brother,
And can you hurt your Siſter? [*Weeps.*

Sil. Shouldſt thou repeat thoſe tyes a thouſand times,
'Twill not redeem thee from the fate that threatens thee.
Be gone, whilſt ſo much vertue does remain about me,
To wiſh thee out of danger.

Cleo. Sure *Silvio* this is but to try my vertue. [*Weeps ſtill.*

Sil. No, look on my eyes *Cleonte*, and thou ſhalt ſee them flame with a ſtrange wicked fire. [*Looks wildly on her.*

Yet

Yet do not look, thy eyes increase it,
——Alas! [*Turns away, and hides his eyes.*
And I shall still forget I am thy brother:
Go, go, whilst I have power to take my eyes away;
For if they turn again it will be fatal.

Cleo. Pray hear me, Sir.

Sil. Oh do not speak, thy voice has charms
As tempting as thy face, but whilst thou art silent and unseen,
Perhaps my madness may be moderate;
For as it is, the best effects of it,
Will prompt me on to kill thee.

Cleo. To kill me?

Sil. Yes, for shouldst thou live, adorn'd with so much beauty,
So much my passion is above my reason:
In some such fit as does possess me now
I should commit a rape, a rape upon thee;
Therefore be gone, and do not tempt despair,
That merciless rude thing, but save thy honour,
And thy life.

Cleo. I will obey you, Sir. [*Goes into the Garden.*

Sil. She's gone——and now [*Walks and talks in stopping.*
my hot fit abates——she is my sister——that is, my Fathers
Daughter——but——what if his Wife deceiv'd him——or
perhaps——(which is the likelier thing) my Mother play'd
the false one——for 'twas her trade to do so——and I'm
not son to *Ambrosio*—— Oh that she were in being to con-
fess this truth, for sure 'tis truth, then I might love and might
enjoy *Cleonte*—— injoy *Cleonte*! [*In transport.*
Oh that thought! what fire it kindles in my veins, and now my
cold fit's gone.——I'll after her [*Offers to go, but starts and returns.*
——no, let me pause awhile——
For in this ague of my love and fear,
Both the extreams are mortal—— [*Goes into the Garden.*

Enter Ambrosio *and* Marcel.

Amb. I'm reconcil'd to you, since your Brother *Silvio* would
have it so.

Mar. My blood flows to my face, to hear him nam'd.

Amb. Let there be no more differences between you: But

Silvio

Silvio has of late been discontent, keeps home, and shuns the conversation, which youth delights in; goes not to Court as he was wont: Prethee *Marcel* learn thou the cause of it.

Mar. I do believe I shall my Lord, —— too soon. [*Aside.*

Amb. I'm now going to my *Villa*, and shall not return till night: by the way I mean to visit your wife that was design'd to be, the rich *Flavia*, and see if I can again reconcile her to you; for your neglect has been great, and her anger is just.

Mar. I rather wish it should continue, Sir, for I have yet no inclinations to marry.

Amb. No more, I'l have it so, if I can.

Mar. I'm silent, Sir. [*Exeunt* Ambrosio *and* Marcel.

Enter as from out of the Garden Cleonte, Clarinda, Franciſca, Dormida, *from amongſt the trees, ſadly*; Silvio, *who ſtarts at ſight of them.*

Cleo. I am ſatisfi'd you knew not of my Brothers being in the Garden. [*To* Franc.

Sil. Clarinda with my ſiſter! and in our houſe! ſhe's very fair —— and yet how dull and blaſted all her Beautys ſeem, when they approach the fair *Cleontes* —— I cannot ſhun a tedious compliment: to ſee the fair *Clarinda* [*Goes to* Clarinda. here, is a happineſs beyond my hope; I'm glad to ſee her kind to the ſiſter, who always treated the Brother with ſo much ſcorn and rigour.

Clar. Silvio! ſure I'm betray'd. [*Aside.*

[*He talks to her.*

Enter Marcel, *and is amaz'd.*

Mar. Hah! *Silvio* with *Clarinda* in our houſe:
Oh daring villain, to make this place a ſanctuary,
To all thy luſts and treachery.
Now I'm convinc'd, 'twas he that wounded me,
And he that fled laſt night with that falſe woman.

[Cleonte *goes to* Marcel.

Sil. You need not fear me now, fair maid,
I'm diſarm'd of all my dangerous love.

Mar. It was by his contrivance that ſhe came, [*To* Cleonte. do not excuſe him, but ſend her quickly from you, leſt you

you become as infamous as she——

Cleo. Oh how I hate her now I know my Brother *Silvio* loves her.

Mar. How every gesture shows his passion, whilst she seems pleas'd to hear to him. I can indure no more——

Cleo. What will you do? [*She goes to them.*

Mar. Nothing dear Sister.

But if I can be wise and angry too; [*Aside.*

For 'tis not safe t'attack him in the Garden.

How now *Silvio*——under the name of Brother:

I see you dare too much. [*Snatches away his Sister and* Clarinda.

Sil. What mean you by this rude address, *Marcel*?

Mar. I'll tell you, Sir, anon. Go get you in.

[*To the women, who go in.*

Sil. Well, Sir, your business now?

Mar. It is not safe to tell you here, though I have hardly patience to stay till thou meet me in St. *Peters* Grove.

Sil. I will not fail you, Sir, an hour hence.

[*Goes in after them.*

Mar. I dare not in this rage return to upbraid *Clarinda*, lest I do things, that mis-become a man. [*Goes out.*

The end of the third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I. [*House of* Carlo.

After a noise of Musick without: Enter Haunce *dress as* Alonzo *was, follow'd by* Gload, *in Masquerade.*

Han. HOld, hold, I do not like the salutations I receive from all I meet in this house.

Glo. Why, Sir, methinks they are very familiar scabs all.

Han. Salerimente, they all salute me as they were my old acquaintance. Your servant *Myn heer Haunce*, crys one; your servant

ſervant Monſieur *Haunce*, crys another.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your ſervant, Sir, you come now indeed like a Bridegroom all beſet with dance and fiddle.

Hau. Bridegroom, ha, ha, ha, doſt hear *Gload*? 'tis true faith. But how the Divel came he to know it, man, hah?

Ser. My Maſter, Sir, was juſt asking for you, he longs to ſpeak with you.

Hau. Ha, ha, with me, Sir, why? ha, ha, who the pox am I?

Ser. You, Sir, why who ſhould you be?

Hau. Who ſhould I be? why who ſhould I be?

Ser. Myn heer Haunce van Ezel, Sir.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, well gueſt, i'faith now.

Glo. Why how ſhould they gueſs otherwiſe, coming ſo attended with Muſick, as prepar'd for a wedding.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, ſays thou ſo? faith 'tis a good device to ſave the charges of the firſt complements: Hah, but hark ye, hark ye, friend, are you ſure this is the houſe of *Don Carlo*?

Ser. Why, Sir, have you forgot it?

Hau. Forgot it, ha, ha, doſt hear *Gload*? forgot it! why how the Divel ſhould I remember it?

Glo. Sir, I believe this is ſome new faſhion'd civilitie in *Spain* to know every man before he ſees him.

Hau. No, no, you fool, they never change their faſhion in *Spain*, man.

Glo. I mean their manner of addreſs, Sir.

Hau. It may be ſo, I'l ſee farther. Friend, is *Don Carlo* within?

Ser. He has not been out ſince, Sir.

Hau. Since ha, ha, ha, ſince when? hah.

Ser. Since you ſaw him, Sir.

Hau. Salerimente, will you make me mad? Why you damnable raſcal, when did I ſee him? hah.

Ser. Here comes my Maſter himſelf, Sir, [*Enter* Carlo. let him inform you, if you grow ſo hot upon the queſtion.

Car. How now ſon, what angry? you have e'en tyr'd your

ſelf with walking, and are out of humour.

Han. Look there again——— the old man's mad too: why how the pox ſhould he know I have been walking?—indeed, Sir——I have, as you ſay, been walking, [*Playing with his hat.*——and am——as you ſay, out of humour——But under favour, Sir, who are you? ſure 'tis the old [*Surlily to him.* Conjurer, and thoſe were his little imps I met.

Car. Sure ſon you ſhould be a wit by the ſhortneſs of your memory.

Han. By the goodneſs of yours, you ſhould be none, ha, ha, ha. Did not I meet with him there *Gload*, hah? But pray refreſh my memory, and let me know you, I come to ſeek a father amongſt you here, one *Don Carlo.*

Car. Am not I the man, Sir?

Han. How the Divel ſhould I know that now, unleſs by inſtinct?

Glo. The old man is mad, and muſt be humour'd.

Han. Cry you mercy, Sir, I vow I had quite forgot your Sir I hope *Donna Euphemia*———

Car. Oh, Sir, ſhe's in much a better humour than when you ſaw her laſt, complys with our deſires more than I could hope or wiſh.

Han. Why look here again——I ask'd after her health, not her humour.

Car. I know not what arts you have made uſe of, but ſhe's ſtrangely taken with your converſation and perſon.

Glo. Truly, Sir, you are mightily beholden to her, that ſhe ſhould have all this good will to your perſon and converſation before ſhe ſees you.

Han. I, ſo I am, therefore, Sir, I deſire to ſee your Daughter, for I ſhall hardly be ſo generous as ſhe has been, and be quits with her before I ſee her.

Car. Why, Sir, I hope you lik'd her when you ſaw her laſt.

Han. Stark mad——I ſaw her laſt! why, what the Divel do you mean, I never ſaw her in all my life, man. Stark mad, as I am, true Dutch——— [*Aſide.*

Car.

Car. A lover always thinks the time tedious: But here's my Daughter.

Enter Euphemia *and* Olinda.

Han. I, one of these must be she: but 'tis a wonder I should not know which is she by instinct. ——— [*Aside.*

[*Stands looking very simply on both.*

Euph. This is not *Alonzo* ——— has he betray'd me? [*Aside.*

Car. Go, Sir, she expects you.

Han. Your pardon, Sir, let her come to me, if she will, I'm sure she knows me better than I do her.

Glo. How should she know you, Sir?

Han. How? by instinct, you fool, as all the rest of the house does: Don't you fair Mistress?

Euph. I know you ———

Han. Yes, you know me; you need not be so coy mun, the old man has told me all.

Euph. What has he told you? I am ruin'd. [*Aside.*

Han. Faith, much more than I believ'd, for he was very full of his new fashion'd Spanish civilitie, as they call it: but ha, ha, I hope, fair Mistress, you do not take after him?

Euph. What if I do, Sir? ———

Han. Why then I had as leeve marry a steeple with an perpetual ring of bells.

Glo. Let me advise you, Sir, methinks you might make a handsomer speech for the first, to so pretty a Lady ——— Fakes an I were to do't ———

Han. I had a rare speech for her thou knowest, and an entertainment besides, that was, though I say it, unordinary: but a pox of this new way of civilitie as thou call'st it, it has put me quite beside my part.

Glo. Though you are out of your complementing part, I am not out of my dancing one, and therefore that part of your entertainment, I'll undertake for. 'Slife, Sir, would you disappoint all our Ships company ———

Han. That's according as I find this proud tit in humour.

Car. And why so coy? pray why all this dissimulation? Come, come, I have told him your mind, and do in-

tend to make you both happy immediately.

Euph. How, Sir, immediately?

Car. Yes, indeed, nay, if you have deceiv'd me, and diſſembled with me, when I was ſo kind, I'll ſhow you trick for trick, faith—— [*Goes to* Haunce.

Euph. What ſhall we do *Olinda*?

Olin. Why marry *Don Alonzo*, Madam.

Euph. Do not rally, this is no time for mirth.

Olin. Fie upon't, Madam, that you ſhould have ſo little courage; your Father takes this fellow to be *Alonzo*.

Car. What counſel are you giving there, hah?

Olin. Only taking leave of our old acquaintance, ſince you talk of marrying us ſo ſoon.

Car. What acquaintance pray?

Olin. Our Maiden-heads, Sir.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, a pleaſant wench faith now; I believe you would be content to part with yours with leſs warning.

Olin. On eaſie terms perhaps, but this marrying I do not like; 'tis like going a long voyage to Sea, where after a while, even the calms are diſtaſteful, and the ſtorm's dangerous: one ſeldom ſees a new object, 'tis ſtill a deal of Sea, Sea; Husband, Husband, every day—— till one's cloy'd with it.

Car. A mad Girl this, ſon.

Hau. I, Sir, but I wiſh ſhe had left out the ſimile, it made my ſtomach wamble.

Glo. Pray, Sir, let you the Maid alone as an utenſil belonging to my place and office, and meddle you with the Miſtreſs.

Hau. Faith now thou haſt the better bargain of the two: my Miſtreſs looks ſo ſcurvily and civil, that I don't know what to ſay to her—— Lady—— hang't, that look has put me quite out again.

Car. To her, ſon, to her——

Hau. Hark ye Lady—— Well what's next now? Oh pox quite out, quite out; tell me whether the old man ly'd or no, when he told me you lov'd me.

Euph. I love you——

Hau. Look you there now how ſhe looks again.

Car.

Car. She's only bashful, Sir, before me, therefore if you please to take a small collation, that has waited within for you this three hours

Hau. That's strange now, that any thing should wait me, who was no more expected here than *Bethlehem Gaber*: Faith now Lady, this Father of yours is very simple.

Euph. To take you for his son.

Hau. I meant to have surpriz'd you I vow before you had dreamt of me, and when I came you all knew me as well as if you had cast a Figure for me.

Car. Well son, you'l follow.

Euph. You will not leave me alone, Sir, with a man?

Hau. Go your ways, go your ways—— I shall know more of your [Gload *makes grimasses to* Olinda *of love.* secrets before night yet, you little pouting hypocrite you.

Euph. You know my secrets! why who are you?

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good one faith now: who am I, quoth thou, why there's not a child thus high in all your Fathers house would have askt me so simple a question.

Olin. Madam, I find by his man, this is your expected lover, whom you must flatter, or you are undone, 'tis *Haunce van Ezel.* [*To* Euphemia.

Euph. The fopp himself.

Hau. Oh, do you know me now?

Euph. 'Tis impossible.

Hau. This is an extreme the other way now. [*Aside.* Impossible, ha, ha, ha! No, no, poor thing do not doubt thy happiness: for look ye, to confirm you, here are my Bills of Exchange with my own natural name to them, if you can read written hand—— [*Shows her papers.*

Glo. Not love you, I'l swear you lye now, you little Jade, I am now in Masquerade, and you cannot judge of me; but I am Book-keeper and Cashcer to my Master, and my love will turn to account, I'l warrant you.

Olin. There may be use made of him, [*Aside.* I shall think of it. But pray why are you thus accouter'd?

Glo. Fakes to entertain your Lady, we have brought the whole

whole Ships company too in Masquerade.

Olin. That indeed will be very proper at this time of the day, and the first visit too.

Glo. Shaw, that's nothing, you little think what blades we are mun—— Sir, I'l call in the fiddles and the company.

Hau. Well remember'd, faith now I had e'en forgot it.

Euph. What's the meaning of this? [*Fiddles strike up.*

Hau. To show you the difference between the damnable dull gravity of the Spanish, and brisk gaiety of the Dutch. Come, come begin all.

Enter Dutch men and women Dancing.

Nay, I'l show you what I can do too, come *Gload.*

[*They two dance.*

There's for you now, and yet you have not seen half my good qualities; I can sing the newest Ballad that has been made, so I can. [*Sings a Dutch Song.*

Euph. Be these your friends, Sir? they look as if you had ransack'd a Hoy for them.

Hau. How? look on them well, they are all States, or States-fellows, I tell you that now, and they can bear witness who I am too.

Euph. Now I'm convinc'd, and am sorry I doubted my happiness so long: I had such a Character of you.

Hau. Of me, oh Lord, I vow now——as they say—— I don't know—— ha, ha,——

Euph. I heard you were the most incorrigible fool, the most intolerable fop.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha; do you hear *Gload*?—— who I a fop? I vow they were mistaken in me, for I am counted as pretty a Merchant as any walks the change; can write a very plain hand, and cast account as well as—— My man *Gload* —— can't I, sirrah?

Glo. Yes indeed, forsooth, can he.

Hau. Agad, a fool, a fop, quoth ye—— [*Walks angry.*

Olin. By all means flatter him, Madam.

Euph. I'm satisfi'd, Sir.

Hau.

Han. I care not whether you are or no, for I shall have you whether you will or no, mun.

Euph. 'Tis very likely; but there is a certain troublesome fellow in love with me, that has made me vow when ever I marry to ask him leave.

Han. How, ask his leave? I scorn to ask any bodies leave, I tell you that, though 'twere my Mistress——

Euph. I cannot marry you then.

Han. How not marry me? look here now [*Ready to cry.* *Gload*, can't you marry, and let no living soul know't?

Euph. Oh no, Sir, I love your life better, which would be indanger'd.

Han. Why what a cursed custom you have in *Spain*, a man can neither marry, nor console his Neighbours Wife without having his throat cut? Why what if he will not give you leave?

Euph. Why then you must fight him.

Han. How! fight him, I fight him!

Glo. Why yes, Sir, you know you can fight, you try'd but this very morning ——.

Han. Softly you damn'd Rogue, not a word of my prowess aloud. *Salerimente*, I shall be put to fight when I am sober, shall I, for your damn'd prating, ye rascal?

Euph. I am glad you have that good quality.

[Olinda *speaking to* Gload, *pushes him to speak.*

Glo. I, Madam—— my Master—— has many more: But if you please to tell him his Rivals name.

Han. I'l have your ears for this sirrah, the next time I'm soundly drunk, and you know that won't be long. [*Aside.* Lord, Madam, my man knows not what he says. Ye rascal say I have no courage —— or I will drink my self to the miracle of valour, and exercise it all on thee.

Glo. I know what I do, Sir, you had courage this morning, is the fit over?

Han. Have I not slept since you rogue, have I not?

Glo. I have a trick to save your honour, Sir, and therefore I will stand in't you have courage.

Han. A pox of your trick, the rogue knows I dare not chastise

chastise him now, for fear they should think I have valour.

Glo. Madam, my Master's modest, but tell him who 'tis he must fight with——.

Han. Oh, for a Tun of Rhenish—— that I might abundantly beat thee——

Euph. Your Rival's name's *Alonzo*, Sir.

Han. Oh the Divel, a thundring name too; but will this same ——*Alonzo* make no allowance for necessity —— I vow 'tis pure necessity in me to marry you, the old men being agreed upon the matter, I am but an instrument ——alas, not I, [*Cryes.* A very Tool, as they say, so I am.

Glo. Lord, Sir, why do you cry? I meant no harm.

Han. No harm you rascal—— to say I am valiant.

Glo. Why yes, Sir, and if you would say so too, at worst 'twas but getting *Don Lovis* to have fought for you; you know that's a small courtesie to a friend.

Han. Faith now thou art in the right, he'l do his business for him, I'l warrant him. [*Wipes his eyes.* Nay then, Madam, I have courage, and will to this *Don*—— this *Alonzo* you speak of, and if he do not resign you, and consign you too, I'l make him; yes, make him, do ye see —— If *Lovis* should refuse me now—— [*Aside.*

Glo. Shaw, Sir, he makes nothing to kill a man, ten or twenty.

Euph. Well, since you are so resolv'd, my Brother will tell you where to find this *Alonzo*; and tell him I must marry you to day, for I am resolv'd not to lye alone to night.

Han. What would not a man do for so kind a Mistress?

Euph. Well, get you about it straight then, lest my Fathers coming prevent it. [*Exeunt* Euphemia *and* Olinda.

Han. I am gone—— But if *Lovis* should fail——

Glo. He would beat you, if he thought you doubted him.

Han. I'l keep my fears then to my self. [*Go out.*

SCENE

SCENE II. [The Street.

Enter Hippolyta *dreſt like a man with a paper*

Hip. THus I dare look abroad again:
Methinks I am not what I was,
My ſoul too is all man:
Where dwells no tenderneſs, no womaniſh paſſions.
I cannot ſigh, nor weep, nor think of love,
But as a fooliſh dream that's gone and paſt.
Revenge has took poſſeſſion of my ſoul,
And drove thoſe ſhadows thence; and ſhows me now
Love, in ſo poor, ſo deſpicable a ſhape,
So quite deveſted of his Artful Beauty,
That I'm aſham'd I ever was his votary.
Well, here's my Challenge to *Antonio*;
But how to get it to him is the queſtion.
Baſe as he is he'l not refuſe to come,
And ſince he never ſaw the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
Sure I may paſs for him. Who's here——

Enter Haunce *and* Gload. *She ſtands aſide.*

Hau. Gload, if it 'twere poſſible I could be ſober and valiant at once, I ſhould now be provok'd to exerciſe it; for I cannot find *Lovis*, and then how I ſhall come off, the Lord knows. And then again, for leting the Lady go, whom I reſcu'd in the Grove this morning.

Glo. Should I diſobey a Lady, Sir? for ſhe commanded me to let her go ſo ſoon as ſhe came into the gate. And, Sir, look here comes *Don Lovis*.

Enter Lovis *and* Alonzo.

Hau. Oh Brother *Lovis*, where the Divel have you been all this day, I ſtay'd for you to go with me to your ſiſters, as long as fleſh and blood could forbear.

Lov. Why have you been there without me.

Hau. Yes marry have I, Sir.

Alon. I am undone then—— [*Aſide.*

Hau. I needed no recommendations mun, for when I came they were all as well acquainted with me—— I never saw them before, but by the way, they are all no wiser than they should be; except your sister, who is the pretty'st, loving, sweet rogue——

Alon. How's this?

Lov. But have you seen my Sister?

Hau. Seen her, yes, and will marry her too mun before night, and she were a thousand sisters—— But hark ye *Lovis*, the business is this—— you must know that before I marry her, I am to seek out a certain fellow, they call—— they call *Alonzo*, I, I, *Alonzo*—— a pox on him, a troublesome rascal they say he is, and his leave, it seems, must be askt to marry your sister.

Lov. Well, Sir, and what if he will not give you leave?

Hau. Why then you must know I am to get him very well favour'dly beaten.

Alon. Sure this is the coxcomb himself.

Hau. Now for your sisters sake, who loves me, poor thing; I will not run the danger of beating him my self, but must desire that small courtesie of thee.

Lov. How! I beat him?

Hau. You beat him, yes you; what a pox do you scruple such a kindness to a friend; I know you make no more of killing a man next your heart in a morning, than I do of eating a pickled Herring.

Lov. But she desir'd you to do't.

Hau. That's all one so it be done mun: besides why should I run my self into premunire when I need not; your Father is bound by agreement to mine, to deliver me the wares (that is his Daughter) safe and sound; and I have no more to do, but to protest against him in case of non-performance. 'Twill be a dear comodity to me at this rate. [*Cryes.*

Lov. Well, Sir, I'l see what may be done.

Hau. Spoke like a friend now: well, you must about it instantly, for I must be married to day.

Alon. Must you so, Sir?——

Hau.

Hau. Yes marry muſt I, Sir,——who the divels this now?
[*To* Lovis.

Alon. That ſame *Alonzo* whom you inquire for.

Hau. Are you ſo, Sir?—— Why what then, Sir?—— *Lovis, Lovis.* [*Runs behind* Lovis.

Alon. What then, Sir; then I tell you, I will not be beaten.

Hau. Look ye here now—— *Lovis.*

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, canſt thou be angry with him?
[*To* Alonzo.

Hau. I, can you be angry with me?

Alon. I know not why an Aſs ſhould have more privilege than any other rude beaſt.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha, this humour's ſo pleaſant in thee, I wiſh thou wouldſt purſue it a little—— *Haunce*, bear up to him, he's but a meer huff, ha, ha, ha.
[*Claps him on the back, he goes fearfully forward.*

Glo. I, Sir, as long as *Don Lovis* is here, you may ſay what you will.

Hau. May I ſo?—— and why, Sir?—— am I, Sir,—— an Aſs, Sir? [*Runs behinds* Lovis.

Alon. 'Sdeath you raſcal, do you queſtion me?

Hau. Oh hold, Sir, hold, not I, God forbid I ſhould queſtion it, *Lovis*—— is it indeed *Alonzo*, hah?

Lov. Yes indeed is it.

Hau. And wilt thou not do ſo much as to beat him for me a little?

Lov. Not I, I dare not, he's a terrible man.

Hau. Why look you here now you damn'd rogue, [*To* Gload. have not you ſerv'd me finely, hah?

Glo. Why, Sir, 'tis but crying peccavi.

Hau. Peccavi, and be hang'd to you—Lord, Sir, [*To* Alonzo. why are you ſo angry, I came but to ask you a civil queſtion, from my wife that muſt be?

Alon. You muſt ask me leave, firſt.

Hau. Yes, yes, Sir, ſo ſhe ſaid mun; for ſhe muſt marry me to night.

Alon. Yes, you ſhall have it with this—— too [*Draws.*

Hau. Why look you [Haunce *runs away* Lovis *ſtays him.*

here now, here's damn'd doings. For my part I declare it here upon my death-bed, I am forc'd to what I do, and you kill me againſt my will.

Alon. Doſt think we are not diſcover'd in our deſign? I'd kill the dog if I thought we were.

Lov. I believe not, and perceive by my Siſters meſſage, that we are to come to her, and prevent this fellows marrying her.

Alon. Well, Sir, I'll ſpare your life, and give your Miſtreſs leave to marry to night.

Han. How, Sir, to night?——But is he in earneſt *Lovis*?

Lov. In very good earneſt.

Han. Tan, ta, ra, ra, ra——hay boys, what a night we'l have on't *Gload*; for fiddles and dancing.

Alon. Tell your Miſtreſs I will diſpatch a little affairs and wait on her.

Glo. And pray, Sir, may I have leave to marry the Maid too.

Alon. We'l conſider on't.

Han. I am not ſuch a fool to venture though, till I know the coaſt is clear, for his very looks are terrible, but go you *Gload* and tell her what he ſays. [Alonzo *talks to* Lovis.

Enter Hippolyta *from aſide.*

Hip. Theſe be the men that reſcu'd me this morning,
And are not to be imploy'd in my affair.
But yonder ſtranger has a noble look,
And from him I'll intreat this favour——Sir—— [*To* Alonzo.

Alon. With me, Sir?

Hip. Yes, pleaſe you to walk a little this way, Sir.
[*Takes him aſide.*

Han. Well, make you ſure of fiddles, for look ye, we'l appear to night like our ſelves.

Glo. It ſhall be done, Sir.

Hip. I am a ſtranger and a Gentleman,
And have an humble ſute to you.

Alon. You may command me any thing.

Hip. Sir, there is a Gentleman, if I may call him ſo, that dares do ill: *he* has put a baſe affront upon a Lady——a

Lady

Lady whom all brave men are bound to vindicate: I've writ him here a challenge, and only beg you'l give it him, I will attend you in St. *Peter's* Grove, where I desire the perfidious *Antonio* (for that's his name, to whom this is directed) to meet me.

Alon. I'm pleas'd to see this gallantry in a man so young, and will serve you in this, or whatever else you shall command. But where is this *Antonio?*

Hip. That I'l inquire of these. Sir, pray can you give any account of the Cavalier [*To* Haunce, *who starts as afraid.* you fought with this morning in St. *Peters* Grove, that had a Lady with him?

Hau. So, now perhaps I shall be hang'd for that. [*Aside.* I fight, Sir, I never fought in my life, nor saw no man, not I.

Glo. Sha, you may confess it, Sir, there's no Law against killing in *Spain.*

Hip. How? have you murther'd him? [*Takes hold of him.*

Hau. This rogue has a mind to have me dispatch'd, [*Aside.* Hold, Sir, the man's as well and alive as you are, and is now at my lodgings; look ye here's the dagger I disarm'd him off——but that I do not love to boast. [*Shows it.*

Hip. It is the same.

Alon. Sir, I shall not fail to wait on you with the Answer I receive——

Hip. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Alon. So prethee, dear *Lovis*, go make my excuse to your Sister for a moment, and let her get all things ready against I come; let the Priest too wait, for I see my destiny, which I can no longer prevent, draws on a pace. [*Exit* Lovis. Come, Sir, you must conduct me to *Antonio.*

[*Exeunt* Alonzo, *and* Haunce, *and* Gload.

Hip. So now the work's half done that will redeem
All the lost credit of our Family.
To kill, or to be kill'd, I care not which, [*Weeps.*
So one or both expire; be strong my soul,
And let no feeble woman dwell about thee.

Hence

Hence fears and pity, ſuch poor things as theſe
Cannot the ſtorms of my revenge appeaſe:
Thoſe ſhowres muſt from his treacherous heart proceed.
If I can live and ſee *Antonio* bleed. [*Sighs and exit.*

SCENE III. [*A deep Grove.*

Enter Marcel *alone.*

Mar. THe hour is almoſt come which I appointed,
And yet no *Silvio* appears, the time ſeems long to me;
But he that's circled in his Miſtreſs arms,
Forgets the haſty hours,
And paſſes them as unregarded by,
As men do beggars who demand a charity.

Enter Hippolyta.

Young man, haſt thou incounter'd none within this Grove?
Hip. Not any, Sir,—— *Marcel!* my injur'd Brother!
Mar. Why doſt thou turn away, and hide thy face?
Hip. Tis not my face I hide, but ſorrow there. [*Weeps.*
Mar. Truſt me thou weepſt; would I could do ſo too,
That I might be leſs angry;
And ſilence beſt expreſſes grief:
But thine's a ſawcy ſorrow dares approach
A face ſo fair and young.
Hip. If the ingrate for whom I grieve had thought ſo
I might have ſpar'd my tears. Farewel, Sir.
Mar. Stay, haſt thou been a Lover?
Hip. A very, very paſſionate one.
Mar. And wert thou not belov'd?
Hip. At firſt to draw me in, the cunning Artiſt,
Made me believe I was.
Mar. Oh! I could kiſs thee now for the alliance
Between thy grief and mine.
Hadſt thou a looſe and wanton Siſter too?
Then thou wert perfect wretched, as I am. [*Weeps.*

But

But prethee leave me, now I think of it:
For ſhouldſt thou ſtay, thou'dſt rob me of my anger:
For ſince a youth like thee can be unhappy,
With ſuch a ſhape, and ſo divine a face,
Methinks I ſhould not quarrel with my ſtar,
But bow to all my faithleſs Miſtreſs ſcorns.

Hollowing within. So ho, ho, ſo ho, ho——

Mar. So ho, ſo ho, ho, ho—— 'Tis my falſe Rival.
Now leave me, Sir, to reaſſume my anger.

Hip. I will obey—— farewel——
My own deſpair makes me neglect his life. [*Goes out.*

Enter Silvio.

Mar. 'Tis *Silvio.*

Sil. You ſee I have obey'd you, Sir.

Mar. Come, Sir, your ſword.

Sil. You are my Brother, and 'twere an impious action
To fight you unprovok'd: give me a cauſe,
Nay, and a juſt one too, or I ſhall find it hard,
——To wound *Cleontes* brother. [*Aſide ſighing.*

Mar. Thou cam'ſt prepar'd to talk, and not to fight.
I cannot blame thee, for were I *Silvio,*
Thus I would do to ſave a life belov'd:
[*Offers to fight;* Silvio *ſteps back.*
But 'twill not ſerve you now.

Sil. Your reaſon, Sir, and I'm ready, if it be juſt.

Mar. Oh do not urge me to repeat my wrongs,
For if thou doſt, I hardly ſhall have man enough remain
To fight thee fairly. [*Offers ſtill.*

Sil. Surely he knows my paſſion for *Cleonte*—— [*Aſide.*
I Urge the reaſon ſtill.

Mar. Haſt thou forgot thy laſt nights treachery? how like a thief thou ſtol'ſt into her lodging.

Sil. 'Tis ſo—— 'tis true *Marcel,* I rudely did intrude——

Mar. Oh quickly haſte—— this looks like womens jangling.
[*Offers to fight again.*

Sil. Oh is it bravely done *Marcel* to puniſh,
A paſſion which you ought to pity rather?
'Tis what I cannot reconcile nor juſtifie,

And I

And so distracted it has made me too——
I will not fight in so unjust a cause:
Kill me, and I'l imbrace you whilst I dye;
A thousand wounds impriated on this body,
Will bring less pain than that her eyes have caus'd.
Here strike—— Pity my pain and ease me.

[*Opens his arms, and throws away his sword.*

Mar. I find thou hast a charm about the tongue,
And thou implor'st thy death in such away
I cannot hurt thee; and it gives me hopes
Thou art not yet so blest to be belov'd,
For then thou wouldst not be thus desperate.

Sil. Oh yes, I am belov'd.

Mar. Oh do not say thou art,
Nor take me from a calmness, that may spare thee:

Sil. Not say I am belov'd! thou canst not hire me
With life or fuller joy, to say I am not.
If there be truth, and love, in innocence, she loves me.

Mar. Yet, yet ye Gods I can indure—say but thou art not,
For I would yet preserve thee.

Sil. Oh canst thou wish that I should fall so low,
To save my life with lyes; the pobrest sin of all the number.

Mar. Then once again thou hast debauch'd my pity.

[*Takes to his sword.*

Sil. Her passion I will justifie, but not my own;
Her's as pure as prayers of penitence;
But mine—— I cannot give a name to.

[*They fight: Enter* Alonzo *and parts them.*

Alon. How now, what's here to do *Marcel*?

Mar. Alonzo! the only man I wish to shun.

Sil. I'm glad who e'er thou be'st thou hast prevented us.

Alon. Thou hast more wit than he then I find: Your quarrel, Sir, may a man have leave to inquire into't.

Mar. This is that *Silvio*; that Noble Youth my Brother, whom thou hast often heard me name.

Alon. An excellant character for an enemy; Noble and Brother: for shame put up your swords, and I'l be judge betweeen ye.

Mar.

Mar. The case is soon decided; I will not tell you with how tedious a courtship I won the heart, as I thought, of a young beauty in this Town. — And yesterday receiv'd a Billet from her, to wait on her at night, to receive the recompence of all my pains and sufferings. — In this extasie of joy I show'd him the papers, and he getting thither before me, robb'd me of my prize.

Sil. I am so pleas'd at this mistake of thine,
I can forgive it freely.

Mar. Not content with this, most treacherously, hid in the shades of night, he met me in the Hall of this false woman, and stabb'd me, which did secure his flight with her; and would'st thou have me put this injury up?

Alon. Faith you must, and your sword too,
Unless you mean to keep it drawn on me.
'Twas I that wounded you i'th' dark; and it was I
That robb'd you of *Clarinda*.

Mar. Thou?

Alon. I, am I so unlikely a man to do such a feat?

Mar. How dare you, Sir, do this?

Alon. I dare do any thing, but break my word, as thou hast basely done with me. — But I am now in haste, and should be glad to know where to meet you anon.

Mar. I'l wait on you at the farther side of this Grove by the River.

Alon. I will not fail you. — [*Exit* Alonzo.

Mar. Come, Sir, till I can better prove you are my Rival I will believe you are my friend and brother.

Sil. When thou shalt know my miserable story,
Thou wilt believe and pity me. [*Go out.*

Enter again Hippolyta *from out of the wood.*

Hip. I wonder this Cavalier stays so long.
Pray heaven he meet *Antonio*.

Enter Alonzo.

Your Servant, Sir.

Alon. The Cavalier to whom you sent me, Sir,
Will wait upon you here.

Hip. I humbly thank you, Sir, and should be glad to know how I might pay my gratitude.

Alon. My duty ends not here; I have a sword to serve you.

Hip. You shame me with this generosity, but, Sir, I hope my own will be sufficient in so good a cause.

Alon. Though you are young, I question not your bravery, But I must beg to stay and see fair play, And offer you my service when you've done.

Hip. The enemy appears, Sir, —— and since you are so good, I beg you would retire behind those trees; for if he sees us both, since he is single, he will suspect some treachery.

Alon. You've reason, Sir, and I'll obey you. [*Goes aside.*

Enter Antonio *reading a paper.*

SIR,

I Desire you to meet me in St. Peters *Grove, with your sword in your hand about an hour hence; you will guess my business when you know my name to be*

Alonzo.

Alon. How's that? [*Aside.*

Ant. I wish 't had been another enemy, Since from the justice of his cause, I fear An ill success; would I had seen *Hippolyta*, That e'er I dy'd I might have had her pardon. This conscience —— 'tis ominous. Sin ne'er appears in any horrid shape, 'Till it approaches death ——

[*Goes forward and sees* Hippolyta, *who justles him in passing by; he stops and looks.*

Hip. You seem, Sir, to be he whom I expect.

Ant. I'm call'd *Antonio*, Sir ——

Hip. And I *Alonzo*; the rest we need not ask, For thou art well acquainted with my injuries, And I with thy perfidiousness. [*Draws.*

Ant. I know of none you have receiv'd from me, If on *Hippolyta*'s account you fight, She lov'd me, and believ'd, and what dull Lover Would

Would have resus'd a Maid so easily gain'd?

Hip. Ah Traytor, by how base a way
Thou wouldst evade thy fate?
Didst thou not know she was my wife by promise?
Did not *Marcel*, *Ambrosio*, all consent
To make her mine as soon as I arriv'd?

Alon. Who the Divel's that young Bully that takes my name and my concerns upon him? [*Aside.*

Hip. But why should I expect a truth from thee,
Who after so much time, so many vows,
So many tears, despairs and sighs, at last
Didst gain a credit with this easie fool,
Then left her to her shames, and her despairs——Come, Sir,——
Or I shall talk my self to calmness—— [*Aside.*

Ant. I'm ready, Sir, to justifie the deed.

[*They offer to fight,* Alonzo *steps forth.*

Alon. Hold! hold! fais thief that robb'st me of my name,
And wouldst my honour too. [*Puts her by.*
If thou hast wrong'd the fair *Hippolyta*, [*To* Antonio.
No man but I has right to do her justice.
Or you are both my Rivals——tell me which,
Which of you is it I must kill——or both?
I am *Alonzo*, who dares love *Hippolyta*?

Hip. Let not your friendship, Sir, proceed so far,
To take my name, to take my quarrel on you.

Alon. In this dispute none's more concern'd than I,
And I will keep my ground in such a cause,
Though all the Rivals that her beauty makes me,
Were arm'd to take my life away.

Ant. Come, Sir, I care not which of you's *Alonzo*.

[*They go to fight, she holds* Alonzo.

Hip. This gallantry's too much, brave stranger.
Antonio hurt him not; I am the wrong'd *Alonzo*,
And this a perfect stranger to the business;
Who seeing me appear less man than he,
And unacquainted with my deeds abroad,
In Bounty takes my name and quarrel on him.

Alon. Take heed young man, and keep thy vertue in,
Left thus misguided it become a crime.
But thou he sayshast wroog'd *Hippolyta*, [To *Antonio*
And I am he must punish it.

Hip. Sure it is he indeed——
For such a miracle my brother render'd him. [*Aside.*
Hold, hold thou wonder of thy sex—— [*They fight.*

Alon. Stand by, I shall be angry with thee else,
And that will be unlike——

As Alonzo *fights with one hand, he keeps her off with t'other; she presses still forward on* Antonio *with her sword indeavouring to keep back* Alonzo.

Enter to them Marcel.

Mar. Sure I heard the noise of swords this way! [*Draws.*
Hah, two against one? courage, Sir. [To Antonio.

They fight all four; Marcel *with* Hippolyta *whom he wounds, and* Alonzo *with* Antonio, *who is disarm'd.*

Hip. Good Heaven! how just thou art!

Mar. What, dost thou faint already?—— Hah, the pretty talking youth I saw but now! [*Runs to her, and holds her up.*
Alas, how dost thou?

Hip. Well, since thy hand has wounded me.

Ant. My life is yours, nor would I ask the gift,
But to repair my injuries to *Hippolyta.*

Alon. I give it thee—— [*Gives him his sword.*

Mar. How, *Antonio*!——
What unkind hand has rob'd me of the justice,
Of killing thee?

Alon. His that was once thy friend *Marcel.*

Mar. Oh dost thou know my shame? [*Turns away.*

Alon. I know thou art false to friendship,
And therefore do demand mine back again, thou'st us'd it scurvily.

Mar. Thou know'st too much to think I've injur'd thee.

Alon. Not injur'd me! who was it promis'd me *Hippolyta*?

Who

Who his alliance, and his friendſhip too?
And who has broke them all but thou perfidious?
Come 'tis *Hippolyta* that I demand,
Mar. By this he ſhould not know my ſiſters ſhame. [*Aside.*
Oh, Sir, you muſt not have *Hippolyta*.
Alon. How! not have *Hippolyta*!
Though every ſtep were guarded by a Brother:
Though ſhe were circled round about with Rivals,
Ye ſhould not all have power to keep her from me.
Not have *Hippolyta*! ——
'Sdeath, Sir, becauſe I do not know my birth,
And cannot boaſt a little empty title,
I muſt not have *Hippolyta* ——
Now I will have her, and when you know I can,
You ſhall petition me to marry her,
And yet I will not do't. Come, Sir —— [*Offers to fight.*
Hip. Hold, hold brave man, or turn your ſword on me,
I am the unhappy cauſe of all your rage:
'Tis I generous *Alonzo* that can tell you
What he's aſham'd to own,
And thou wilt bluſh to hear.
Mar. *Hippolyta*! thou wretched wicked woman:
Thus I reward thy ſins ——
[*Offers to kill her*, Antonio *ſteps between.*
Ant. Hold, Sir, and touch her not without my leave,
She is my wife; by ſacred vows my wife.
Alon. I underſtand no ridling, but whoever thou be'ſt,
man or woman, thou're worth our care. ——
She faints —— come let us bear her hence.
[*She faints*, Antonio *kneels to her.*
Ant. Oh ſtay *Hippolyta*, and take me with thee,
For I have no uſe of life when thou art gone. [*Weeps.*
Here kill me brave *Marcel*; —— and yet you need not,
My own remorſe and grief will be ſufficient.
Mar. I credit thee, and leave thee to their mercy.
Hip. That goodneſs, Sir, has call'd me back to life,
To pay my humble thanks; could you have mercy too, to
pardon

pardon me—— you might redeem my soul.

Mar. Some pity I have yet, that may preserve thee too,
Provided this repentance be not faign'd.

Ant. My life, Sir, is security for both.

Mar. Doubt not, I'l take the forfeit, Sir—Come *Hippolyta*,
Thy Fathers house shall once again receive thee.

Ant. Lean on my arm my dearest.

Mar. Sir, by the way, I'l let you know her story,
And then perhaps you will not blame my friendship.

Alon. And in return, I'l give you back *Clarinda*——
And beg your pardon for the wound I gave you.

[*Exeunt leading* Hippolyta.

The end of the fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I. [*A Garden.*

Enter Cleonte, Clarinda *weeping*, *and* Dormida, *and* Franciſca.

Cleo. FEar not, I'l use my interest both with your Mother and my Father, to set your heart at rest,
Whose pain I feel by something in my own.

Clar. The Gods reward your bounty, fair *Cleonte*.

Dor. I, I, Madam, I beseech you make our peace with my good Lady her Mother, what ever becomes of the rest, for she'l e'en dye with grief—— [*Weeps.*
She had but too fair pledges of her Nuptial Bed,
And both by cruel fate are ravisht from her.
Manual a child was lost,
And this; not holy Reliques were more strictly guarded,
Till false *Marcel* betray'd me to debauch her. [*Weeps aloud.*

Cleo. Alas, had you a brother once? [*To* Clarinda.

Clar.

Clar. Madam, I might have had: but he was loſt ere I was born.

Cleo. Ah would my *Silvio* had been ſo. [*Aſide.*
By what ſtrange accident *Clarinda*?

Dorm. Madam, I can inform you beſt. [*Puts her ſelf between.*

Cleo. Do then *Dorinda*.

Dorm. Madam, you muſt know, my Lady *Octavia*, for that's her name, was in her youth the very flower of Beauty and Vertue: Oh ſuch a face and ſhape, had you but ſeen her—— And though I ſay it, Madam, I thought my ſelf too ſomebody then.

Clar. Thou art tedious: Madam, 'tis true my Mother had the reputation of both thoſe attractions, which gain'd her many Lovers: amongſt the reſt, *Don Manual*, and *Don Alonzo*, were moſt worthy her eſteem.

Dor. I, Madam, *Don Alonzo*, there was a man for you, ſo obliging and ſo bountiful.—— Well, I'l give you an Argument of both to me: for you muſt know I was a Beauty then, and worth obliging. [*Puts her ſelf between.*
And he was the man my Lady lov'd, though *Don Manual* were the richer: but to my own ſtory——

Cleo. Forward *Clarinda*.

Clar. But as it moſt times happens,
We marry where our Parents like, not we:
My Mother was diſpos'd of to *Don Manual*.

Dor. I, Madam; but had you ſeen *Don Alonzo's* rage, and how my Lady took this diſappointment—— But I who was very young, and very pretty as I told you before——

Cleo. Forbear. Madam, 'tis true,
Alonzo was ſo far tranſported,
That oft he did attempt to kill my Father;
But bravely tho', and ſtill he was prevented:
But when at the intreaties of my Mother,
The King confin'd my Father,
Alonzo then ſtudyed a new revenge,
And thinking that my Father's life depended
Upon a ſon he had ſcarce a year old;
He did deſign to ſteal him, and one evening,

When

When with his Nurse and Maid he took the Air,
This desperate Lover seiz'd the smiling prize,
Which never since was heard of.

Cleo. I guess the grief the Parents must sustain.

Dor. It almost caus'd their deaths, nor did kind heaven
Supply them with another till long after,
Unhappy this was born.
Which just her father liv'd to see, and dy'd. [*Weeps.*
Then she was, Daughter, Son, and Husband too,
To her afflicted Mother: But as I told you Madam, I was then in my prime——

Clar. Now, Madam, judge what her despair must be,
Who is depriv'd of all her joys in me. [*Weeps.*

Cleo. Francisca, see who is that knocks so hastily.

[*One knocks.*

Franc. Oh, Madam, 'tis *Don Marcel* leading a wounded man.

Cleo. Oh my fears, 'tis *Silvio*.

Franc. 'Tis not *Don Silvio*.

Enter Marcel *leading* Hippolyta *wounded, followed by* Alonzo *and* Pedro. [*Aside.*

Cleo. Alas, what youth is this you lead all bleeding?

Mar. One that deserves your care; where's my Father?

Cleo. Not yet return'd.

Mar. 'Tis well; and you, Sir, I must confine till I know
How to satisfie my honour, and that of my wrong'd Sister.

[*To* Antonio.

Ant. The holy man will soon decide our difference:
Pray send for one, and reconcile us all.

Hip. I fear *Antonio* still thou dost dissemble.

Ant. So let me find forgiveness when I dye:
If any fear of death have wrought this change:
But a pure sense of all my wrongs to thee,
Knowing thy constant love, and vertue to me.

Mar. I will secure your fear—— *Francisca*, send for Father *Joseph* to me, and conduct these Gentlemen to the Lodgings next the Garden.

[*Exeunt* Francisca, Antonio *and* Hippolyta.

Alon.

Alon. Prethee *Marcel*, are thee and I awake, or do we dream? thou, that thou art in thy Fathers House; and I, that I see those two fair women there. Pray lovely fugitive, how come you hither? [*To* Clarinda.

Mar. I thought thou were mistaken,
'Twas *Silvio* brought her hither, that false man.
But how came you to know her?

Alon. Know her! 'slife I question my sense.
Pray Lady are you flesh and blood? [*To* Cleonte.

Cleo. Yes surely, Sir; for 'twere pity you should have bestow'd your heart on a shadow, and I well remember you gave it one of us last night.

Alon. A dream, a dream, but are you indeed the same fair person, and is this the same house too?

Cleo. I am afraid your heart's not worth the keeping, since you took no better notice where you dispos'd of it.

Alon. Faith, Madam, you wrong a poor Lover, who has languish'd in search of it all this live-long day.

Cleo. Brother, I beseech you, receive the innocent *Clarinda*, who, I fear, will have the greatest cause of complaint against you. [*To* Marcel. *Gives him* Clarinda.

Alon. But pray, fair one, let you and I talk a little about that same heart you put me in mind of just now.

[*To* Cleonte, *with whom he seems to talk.*

Ped. Surely that's my old Mistress *Dormida*; twenty years has not made so great an alteration in that ill-favour'd face of hers, but I can find a Lover there.

Goes to her, they seem to talk earnestly, and sometimes pleasantly, pointing to Clarinda.

Mar. Enough *Clarinda*: I'm too well convinc'd,
Would thou hadst still remain'd a criminal.
Now how can I reward thy faith and love?

Clar. I know *Marcel*, it is not in thy power,
Thy faithless story I'm acquinted with.

Mar. Do not reproach me with my shame *Clarinda*.
'Tis true, to gain thee to consent to my desires,
I made an honourable pretence of loving.
Pardon a Lover, all the ways he takes

To gain a Mistress so belov'd and fair.
But I have since repented of that sin,
And came last night for thy forgiveness too.

Ped. This is news indeed; 'tis fit I keep this secret no longer from my Master. *Don Manual* being dead, my vow's exspir'd. [*Aside.*] [Pedro *goes to* Alonzo.

Clar. And do you mean no more to love me then?

Mar. In spight of me above my sence or being.

Clar. And yet you'l marry *Flavia?*

Mar. Against my will I must, or lose a Father.

Clar. Then I must dye, *Marcel.*

Mar. Do not unman my soul, it is too weak
To bear the weight of fair *Clarinda's* tears.

Alon. Why was this secret kept from me so long?

Ped. I was oblig'd by vow, Sir, to *Don Alonzo* my dead Master, not to restore you till *Don Manual's* death; believing it a happiness too great for his Rival, for so he was upon your Mothers score.

Alon. Have I a Mother living?

Ped. Here in *Madrid*, Sir, and that fair maid's your Sister.
[*Pointing to* Clarinda.

Alon. I scarce can credit thee, but that I know thee honest.

Ped. To confirm that belief, Sir, here are the writings of twelve thousand crowns a year, left you by your Foster
[*Gives him papers, he reads.*
Father, the brave *Alonzo*, whose name he gave you too.

Alon. I am convinc'd—— How now *Marcel*, what all in tears? why who the Divel would love in earnest?
Come, come, make me judge between you.

Mar. You'l soon decide it then, my heart's *Clarinda's*;
But my forc'd vows are given to another.

Alon. Vows! dost think the Gods regard the vows of Lovers? they are things made in necessity, and ought not to be kept, nor punish'd when broken: if they were——
Heaven have mercy on me poor sinner.

Enter

Enter Ambrosio.

Mar. My Father return'd!

[*Bows and goes to him, and then leads* Alonzo *to him.*

Sir, this is the gallant man that was design'd to be your son-in-Law.

Amb. And that you were not so, Sir, was my misfortune only.

Alon. I am glad to find it no slight to my person,
Or unknown quality that depriv'd me of that honour.

Mar. To convince you of that, *Alonzo*, I know my father will bestow this other sister on you; more fair and young, and equally as rich. [Ambrosio *calls* Marcel *aside.*

Alon. How, his Sister! Fool, that I was, I could not guess at this; and now have I been lying and swearing all this while how much I lov'd her. Well, take one time with another, a man falls into more danger by this amorous humour, than he gets good turns by it.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, I knew not you had design'd her elsewhere—— Dear *Alonzo*, my Father——

Alon. I, Sir, I am much oblig'd to him. Oh Pox would I were well with *Euphemia.*

Mar. I protest I could wish——

Alon. I, so could I, Sir, that you had made a better judgement of my humour: all must out, I have no other way to avoid this complement else. Why look ye *Marcel*——your Sister is—— Pox I am ill at dissimulation, and therefore in plain terms, I am to be marryed this very evening to another.

Mar. This was happy, and has sav'd me an excuse. [*Aside.* But are you in earnest, Sir? how is it possible, being so lately come into *Madrid?*

Alon. Destiny, destiny, *Marcel*, which there was no avoiding, tho' I mist of *Hippolyta.*

Mar. Who is it prethee?

Alon. A woman I hope, of which indeed I would have been better assur'd; but she was wilful.
She's call'd *Euphemia.*

Mar. Our next neighbour, the Daughter of old *Carlo.*

Alon. The ſame.

Mar. Thou art happy to make ſo good a progreſs in ſo ſhort a time, but I am——

Alon. Not ſo miſerable as you believe. Come, come, you ſhall marry *Clarinda.*

Mar. 'Tis impoſſible.

Alon. Where's the hindrance.

Mar. Her want of fortune; that's enough, friend.

Alon. Stand by and expect the beſt.——[*Goes to* Ambroſio. Sir, I have an humble ſute to you.

Amb. I ſhould be infinitely pleas'd you could ask me any thing in my power, but, Sir, this daughter I had diſpos'd of, before I knew you would have miſt of *Hippolyta.*

Alon. Luckyer than I expected. [*Aſide.* Sir, that was an honour I could not merit, and am contented with my fate: But my requeſt is, that you would receive into your family a Siſter of mine, whom I would beſtow on *Don Marcel.*

Mar. Hah, what mean you, Sir! a Siſter of yours?

Alon. Yes, ſhe will not be unwelcome.--- This is ſhe.

Amb. This is the daughter to *Octavia*—— Her Mother was a Lady whom once I did adore, and 'twas her fault ſhe was not more happy with me, than with *Don Manual.* Nor have I ſo wholly forgot that flame, but I might be inclin'd to your propoſal: But, Sir, ſhe wants a fortune.

Alon. That I'l ſupply.

Mar. You ſupply, Sir? on what kind ſcorce, I pray?

Alon. That which you'l ſuffer without being jealous, When you ſhall know ſhe is indeed my Siſter.

Clar. How! this brave man my Brother?

Alon. So they tell me, and that my name is *Manual,* Had you not ſuch a Brother?

Dor. Oh ye gods, is this the little *Manual?*

Ped. Yes *Dormida,* and for a farther proof ſee this.

[*Opens his maſters boſom, and ſhows a Crucifix.*

Dor. This I remember well, it is *Don Manual:* Pray let me look upon you: Juſt like my Lord——

Now

Now may the ſoul of *Don Alonzo* reſt in peace,
For making ſo hopeful a man of you.

Alon. Amen. But, Sir, if you approve of my Siſter,
I'l make her as worthy of *Marcel*, as *Flavia*.

Amb. I've loſt the hopes of her--- She's not to be reconcil'd.
[*Aſide.*

Clarinda needs no more than to belong to you,
To make her valuable---- and I conſent with joy.
[*Gives her to* Marcel.

Mar. And I with joys beyound expreſſion, Sir, receive her.

Alon. *Pedro*, there reſts no more than that you wait on my Mother; and let her know all that has happend to my ſelf and ſiſter, and that I'l pay my duty to her ere I ſleep.

Dor. The very joy to find her Son again, will get my pardon too, and then perhaps *Pedro* and I may renew our old amours.

Alon. Sir, I have another requeſt to make.

Amb. You muſt command, Sir.

Alon. That is, that you will permit this fair company to honour me this evening at my Father-in-laws *Don Carlo*.

Amb. How, has *Don Carlo* married the Lady *Octavia*?

Alon. No, Sir, but a worſe matter than that, I am to marry his Daughter.

Amb. Oh, Sir, *Euphemia* has too much beauty and vertue to make you doubt your happineſs.

Alon. Well, Sir, I muſt venture that. But your company I'l expect, the Ladies may clap on their Vizards, and make a Maſquerading night on't: though ſuch freedoms are not very uſual in *Spain*; we that have ſeen the world, may abſolve one another.

Amb. My Garden joyns to that of *Don Carlo*, and that way we will wait on you, as ſoon as I have diſpatcht a ſmall affair.

Alon. Your humble Servant, Sir.
[*Goes out.* Ambroſio *the other way.*

Mar. Siſter, go you and prepare my Father to receive *Hippolyta*, whilſt I go ſee them married.
[*Exeunt* Cleonte *and* Clarinda.

Marcel

Marcel *passing over the garden, sees* Silvio *enter in passion, follow'd by* Franciſca.

Silv. Do not *Franciſca*—— do not blow my flame,
The cure thou bringſt is much the greater Hell.
[*Offers to go, but ſtops.*
Mar. Hah, *Silvio*; unſeen I'l hear their buſineſs.
[*Goes aſide.*
Sil. I would fain ſhun thee, but this impious weight
Of love upon my ſoul, hinders my flight:
I'm fixt—— like conſcious guilt it keep me here,
And I am now inſenſible of fear.
Speak on! thou meſſenger of Sacred Love ——ſpeak on!
Franc. The fair *Cleonte*, Sir, whoſe ſoul's inflam'd
No leſs than yours; though with a Virgin modeſty
She would conceal it, pitying now your pain
Has through my interceſſion——
Sil. Oh quickly ſpeak! what happineſs deſign'd me?
Franc. To admit you, Sir, this night into her Chamber.
Mar. Death to my ſoul! what's this? [*Aſide.*
Sil. Her chamber! is that all? will that allay this fever
In my blood?—— No, no, *Franciſca.*
'Tis grown too high for amorous parleys only;
Her arms, her charming boſom, and her bed,
Muſt now receive me or I dye, *Franciſca.*
Franc. I mean no other, Sir; why can you think
A Maid in love as much as you can be,
Aſſiſted with the ſilence of the night;
(Which vail her bluſhes too) can ſay—— I dare not?
Or if ſhe do, ſhe'l ſpeak it faintly o'er,
And even whilſt ſhe ſo denys will yield.
Go, go prepare your ſelf for this encounter,
And do not dally as you did to day,
And fright your pleaſure with the name of ſiſter——
Mar. Oh curſed witch! [*Aſide.*
Franc. What ſay you, Sir?
Sil. That name has check'd my joy——
And makes it ſtrangely ſilent and imperfect. [*Walks away.*

Franc.

Franc. Why do you go, before you anſwer me?
[*Follows him into the garden.*

Mar. I'l follow him, and kill them.
[*Comes out with a Dagger.*

Oh who would be allyed unto a woman,
Natur's looſe handy-work? the ſlight imploys
Of all her wanton hours—— Oh I could rave now——
Abandon ſence and nature.
Hence all conſiderate thoughts, and in their room,
Supply my ſoul with vengeance, that may prove
Too great to be allay'd by nature, or by love.
[*Goes into the Garden after them.*

Enter again Silvio *melancholy follow'd by* Franciſca.

Franc. But will you looſe this opportunity,
Her lodgings too being ſo near your own?

Sil. Hell take her for her wickedneſs.
Oh that ten thouſand mountains ſtood between us,
And ſeas as vaſt and raging as her luſt,
That we might never meet—— Oh perfect woman,
I find there is no ſafety in thy ſex;
No truſting to thy innocence.
That being counterfeit, thy beauty's gone,
Dropt like a Roſe o'er blown,
And left thee nothing but a wither'd root,
That never more can bloom.

Franc. Alas, I fear I have done ill in this. [*Aſide.*

Sil. I now ſhould hate her; but there yet remains
Something within, ſo ſtrangely kind to her;
That I'm reſolv'd to give her one proof more,
Of what I have vow'd her often, yes I'l kill her——

Franc. How kill her, Sir? Gods, what have I done! [*Aſide.*

Sil. Yes, can I let her live, and ſay I lov'd her?
No, ſhe ſhall tempt no more vain yielding men.

Franc. Conſider, Sir, it is to ſave your life ſhe does it.

Sil. My life!
'Twere better ſhe and I were buryed.

[*Enter*

[*Enter* Marcel *from amongst the trees softly with his Dagger behind* Silvio.]

Quick in one grave, than she should fall to this,
She has out-sinn'd even me in this consent.

Mar. Oh here they are.——

Franc. My Lord defend your self, you are undone else.

Sil. Hah, *Marcel*!—— [*Draws.*

Franc. Help, help.

Mar. Hell take thy throat.

Enter Ambrosio, Clarinda, Cleonte, *and the rest of the house.*

Amb. Hold villain, hold!
How dareſt thou thus rebel —— ungrateful wretch?

Mar. This cause, Sir, is so just, that when you hear it,
You'l curse me, that I let him live thus long:
He loves my sister, Sir; and that lew'd woman
Repays his lustful flame; and does this evening
Invite him to her bed; —— Oh let me kill him.
[*Offers to go to him.*

Amb. That he should love *Cleonte* I'l allow,
And her returns too, whilst they're innocent.

Mar. But, Sir, he does not love her as a Sister.

Amb. If that be all his crime, I still forgive him.

Sil. Yes, Sir, 'tis true I do adore my Sister,
But am so far from that foul thing he nam'd,
That could I think I had a secret thought
That tended that way, I would search it——thus——
[*Goes to stab himself.*

Cleo. What mean you by this desperation?

Sil. Oh take away this woman from my sight,
[*Pointing to* Cleonte.
For she will finish what this has ill begun.
[*Holds his Dagger up.*

Franc. Thus low, Sir, for your mercy I must kneel; [*Kneels.*
Which yet I must despair of when you know
How very very wicked I have been. [*Weeps.*
Cleonte, Sir, is chaste as Angels are.

Sil. My Sister innocent! how soon I do believe thee!

Franc.

Franc. Yes, Sir, nor knows of that vile message which I brought you.

Sil. What Divel set thee on to tempt me then?

Franc. The worst of Divels, hopeless, raging love;
And you, my Lord, were the unhappy object.

Mar. Oh sinful woman, what was thy design?

Cleo. What means all this? [*Aside.*

Franc. At least to have injoy'd him once; which done,
Thinking it had been the fair *Cleonte*,
It would have made him hate her.

Sil. Should all thy other sins be unrepented,
The piety of this confession saves thee.
Pardon, *Cleonte*, my rude thoughts of thee,
[*Kneels, she takes him up.*
I had design'd to've kill'd thee ——
Had not this knowledge of thy innocence
Arriv'd before I'd seen thee next.
And, Sir, your pardon too I humbly beg; [*To* Ambrosio.
With license to depart, I cannot live
Where I must only see my beauteous sister;
That torment is too great to be supported,
That still must last, and never hope a cure.

Amb. Since you are so resolv'd, I will unfold
A secret to you, that perhaps may please you.

Sil. Low at your feet I do implore it, Sir. [*Kneels.*

Amb. Your quality forbids this ceremony. [*Takes him up.*

Sil. How, Sir!

Amb. Your Father was the mighty favourite, the *Conte De Olivaris*; your Mother, *Spains* celebrated Beauty, *Donna Margarita Spiniola*, by whom your Father had two natural Sons, *Don Lovis de Harro*, and your self *Don Roderigo*. The story of his disgrace you know with all the world; 'twas then he being banisht from the Court, he left you to my care then very young. I receiv'd you as my own, and as more than such educated you, and as your Father oblig'd me to do, brought you always up about their Majesties—— For he hoped if you had beauty and merits, you might inherit part of that glory he lost.

Mar. This is wondrous ——

Amb. This truth you had not known so soon, had you not made as great an interest at Court as any man so young ever did: and if I had not acquitted my self in all points as became the friend of so great and brave a man, as *Conte de Olivaris*, the Fortune he left you was two millions of Crowns.

Sil. Let me imbrace your feet for this blest news.
Is not the fair *Cleonte* then my sister?

Amb. No, Sir, but one whom long since I design'd your wife, if you are pleas'd to think her worthy of it. [*Offers her.*

Sil. Without her, Sir, I do despise my being:
And do receive her as a blessing, sent from heaven to make my whole life happy.

Amb. What say you, *Cleonte?*

Cleo. Sir, I must own a joy greater than is fit for a Virgin to express.

Mar. Generous *Don Roderigo*, receive me as your friend, and pardon all the fault you found in me as a brother.

[*Imbraces him.*

Sil. Be ever dear unto my soul, *Marcel.*

Mar. Now is the time to present *Hippolyta* and *Antonio* to my Father, whilst his humour is so good. And you, dear Brother, I must beg to joyn with us in so just a cause.

Sil. You need not doubt my power, and less my will.

Mar. Do you prepare him then, whilst I bring them in:
For by this I know my Confessor has made them one.

[*Exit* Marcel.

Sil. Sir, I've a sute to you.

Amb. You cannot ask what I can deny.

Sil. *Hippolyta*, Sir, is married to *Antonio*,
And humbly begs your pardon for her past fault.

Amb. *Antonio* and *Hippolyta!* oh name them not.

Enter Antonio *and* Hippolyta, *a Fryar and* Marcel.

Mar. Pray, Sir, forgive them, your honour being safe,
Since *Don Antonio* has by marrying her,
Repair'd the injury he did us all,
Without which I had kill'd him.

Amb.

Amb. Thou art by nature more severe than I,
And if thou think'st our honour satisfi'd,
I will endeavour to forget their faults.

Ant. We humbly thank you, Sir, and beg your blessing:
At least bestow it on *Hippolyta*;
For she was ever chaste, and innocent,
And acted only what became her duty;
Since by a sacred vow she was my Wife.

Amb. How can'st thou then to treat her so inhumanely?

Ant. In pure revenge to *Don Marcel* her Brother:
And forc'd my nature to a stubbornness,
Which whilst I did put on, I blush'd to own;
And still between thoughts so unjust, and action,
Her vertue would rise up and check my soul,
Which still secur'd her fame.

Hip. And I have seen in midst of all thy anger
Thou'st turn'd away and chang'd thy words to sighs;
Dropt now and then a tear as if asham'd
Not of thy injuries, but my little merit.

Amb. How weak and easie nature makes me--- Rise
I must forgive you both.
Come, Sir, I know you long to be secur'd
Of what you say you love so much, *Cleonte*——

Franc. But, Madam, have you fully pardon'd me?

Sil. We will all joyn in your behalf, *Franciſca*.

Cleo: I can forgive you, when you can repent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 11. [*House of* Carlo.

Enter Olinda.

Olin. BUt is the Bride-chamber dreſt up, and the bed made as it ought to be?

Dorm. As for the making, 'tis as it use to be, only the Velvet Furniture.

Olin. As it uſe to be? oh ignorance! I ſee theſe young wenches are not arriv'd yet to bare imagination: Well, I muſt order it my ſelf, I ſee that.

Dor. Why *Olinda*, I hope they will not go juſt to bed upon their marrying without ſome ſigns of a wedding, as Fidles and Dancing, and ſo forth.

Olin. Good Lord, what joys you have found out for the firſt night of a young Bride and Bridegroom. Fidles and Dancing, ha, ha, ha! they'l be much merryer by themſelves than Fidles and Dancing can make them, you fool.

Enter Haunce *and* Gload.

Bleſs me! what is't I ſee? [*Stares on* Haunce.

Hau. Why? what the Divel means ſhe? Look about me *Gload*, and ſee what I have that's ſo terrible.

Olin. Oh, I have no power to ſtir, it is a ſprite.

Hau. What does ſhe mean now *Gload*?

Glo. She deſires to be ſatisfi'd whether we be fleſh and blood, Sir, I believe.

Hau. Doſt ſee nothing that's divel-wiſe about me?

Glo. No indeed, Sir, not I.

Hau. Why then the wench is tippled, that's all, a ſmall fault.

Olin. In the name of goodneſs, Sir, what are you?

Glo. I, I, Sir, 'tis that ſhe deſires to know.

Olin. Who are you, Sir?

Hau. Why who ſhould I be but he that's to be your Maſter anon?

Glo. Yes, who ſhould he be but *Myn heer Haunce Van Ezel?*

Olin. What, did you come in at the door?

Hau. Yes marry did I, what do you think I creep in like a Lapland witch through the key holes?

Dorm. Nay, nay, this cannot be the Bridegroom.

Olin. No, for 'tis but a moment ſince we left him, you know in my Ladies Chamber.

Hau. Very drunk by this good light.

Dorm. And therefore it cannot be *Myn heer Haunce*.

Hau.

Hau. What a Divel will you perſwade me out of my Chriſtian name?

Olin. The Prieſt has yet ſcarce done his office, who is marrying him above to my Lady.

Hau. Salerimente, here's brave doing, to marry me, and never give me notice; or thou art damnable drunk, or very mad.

Glo. Yes, and I am married to you too, am I not? [*To* Olinda.

Olin. You? we know neither of you.

Hau. Ha, ha, ha, here's a turn for you.

Enter Carlo.

Car. Why, *Olinda*, *Dorice*, *Olinda*, where be theſe mad Girls? 'tis almoſt night, and nothing in order. Why what now? Who's here?

Hau. So the old man's poſſeſt too ——Why what a Divel ails you, Sir? [*Goes roughly to him.*

Car. From whence come you, Sir? and what are you?

Hau. Gload, let's be gone, for we ſhall be tranſmigrated into ſome ſtrange ſhapes anon, for all the houſe is inchanted. Who am I, quoth ye? before I came you all knew me; and now you are very well acquainted with me, you have forgot me.

Car. If you be my ſon *Haunce*, how came you here?

Hau. If I be your ſon *Haunce*? where ſhould I be elſe?

Car. Above with your Wife, not below amongſt the Maids.

Hau. What wife? what wife? ha, ha, ha, do not provoke me, leſt I take you a ſlap in the face, I tell you that now.

Car. Oh I find by his humour this is he, and I am finely cheated and abus'd. I'l up and know the truth. [*Goes out.*

Hau. And ſo will I. [*Follows.*

Glo. Why, but Miſtreſs *Olinda*, you have not indeed forgot me, have you?

Olin. For my lover I have, but perhaps I may call you to mind as my ſervant hereafter.

Glo.

Glo. Since yourr ſo proud and ſo fickle, you ſhall ſtand hereafter as a Cipher with me: and I'l begin upon a new account with this pretty Maid, what ſay you forſooth?

Dorm. I am willing enough to get a husband as young as I am.

Glo. Why, that's well ſaid, give your hand upon the bargain——God ha' mercy with all my heart i'fais. [*Go in.*

Scene *Draws off, diſcovers a chamber. Enter* Alonzo, Euphemia *and* Lovis: *To them* Carlo, Haunce, *and the reſt.*

Car. Oh I am cheated, undone, abus'd.

Lov. How, Sir, and where?

Haunce *ſees* Alonzo *dreſt like him, goes gazing about him, and on himſelf, calling* Gload *to do the ſame.*

Car. Nay, I know not how, or where; but ſo I am; and when I find it, I'l turn you all out of doors. Who are you, Sir? quickly tell me.

Alon. If you be in ſuch haſte, take the ſhorteſt account, I am your ſon.

Car. I mean, Sir, what's your name, and which of you is *Haunce van Exel?*

Haun. I, which of us is *Haunce van Exel*, tell us that, Sir; we ſhall handle ye, i'faith, now——

Alon. He, Sir, can beſt inform you. [*Pointing to* Haunce.

Haun. Who, I! I know no more than the great *Turk*, not I, which of us is me; my hat, my feather; my ſute, and my Garniture all over faith now; and I believe this is me, for I'l truſt my eyes before any other ſenſe about me. What ſayſt thou now *Gload?* gueſs which of us is thy own natural Maſter now if thou canſt.

Glo. Which, Sir? — why— let me ſee—— let me ſee, [*Turns them both about.*
ſakes I cannot tell, Sir.

Car. Come, come, the cheat is plain, and I'l not be fob'd off, therefore tell me who you are, Sir. [*To* Alonzo.

Alon. One that was very unwilling to have put this trick upon

upon you, if I could have perſwaded *Euphemia* to have been kind on any other terms, but nothing would down with her but Matrimony.

Car. How long have you known her?

Alon. Faith, Sir, too long by at leaſt an hour.

Car. I ſay again what are you, Sir?

Alon. A man I am, and they call me *Alonzo*.

Car. How! I hope not the great fighting Colonel, whom my ſon ſerv'd as a Volunteer in *Flanders*.

Alon. Even he, Sir.

Car. Worſe and worſe, I ſhall grow mad, to think that in ſpight of all my care, *Euphemia* ſhould marry with ſo notorious a man of war.

Hau. How! is this *Alonzo*, and am I cozen'd? pray tell me truly, are you not me indeed?

Alon. All over, Sir, only the inſide a little leſs fool.

Hau. So here's fine jugling—— are not you a rare Lady, hah?—— [*To* Euphemia: *Crys.*

Euph. I aſſure you, Sir, if this man had not paſt for you, I had never had him.

Hau. Had him! O you are a flattering thing, I durſt ha' ſworn you could no more ha' been without me than a Barbers Shop without a Fiddle, ſo I did: Oh what a damnable voyage have I back again without a wife too.—— [*Crys again.*

Lov. If that be all, we'l get you one before you go: that ſhall be my care.

Hau. A pox of your care; well, I will get my ſelf moſt ſoundly drunk to night, to be reveng'd of theſe two damnable Dons. Come *Gload*, let us about ſomething in order to't. [*Exit.*

Euph. Pray, Sir, be perſwaded, he's worth your owning.

Car. Tell not me of owning: what fortune has he?

Lov. His Horſe and Arms, the favour of his Prince and his pay.

Car. His Horſe and Arms I wholly diſlike as impliments of war, and that ſame Princely favour, as you call it, will buy no Lands, and his Pay he ſhall have when he can get it.

Lov.

Lov. But, Sir, his coming to *Madrid* was to take poſſeſſion of a place the Prince has promis'd him.

Car. Has promis'd him? what! I ſhall marry my Daughter to the promiſes of ere a Prince in Chriſtendom, ſhall I? No, no; promiſes, quoth ye?

Alon. Well, Sir, will this ſatisfie you?

[*Gives him a parchment.*

Euph. If it ſhould not, let us conſider what next to do.

Alon. No conſideration *Euphemia*; not ſo much as that we are married, leſt it leſſen our joys.

Car. 12000 Crowns a year!— Sir, I cry you mercy, and wiſh you joy with my Daughter.

Lov. So his courage will down with him now.

Alon. To ſatisfie you farther, Sir, read this.

[*Gives him another paper.*

And now *Euphemia* prepare your ſelf to receive ſome gallant friends of mine, whom you muſt be acquainted with, and who deſign to make a merry night on't.

Euph. A whole night *Alonzo*?

Alon. By no means *Euphemia*, for the firſt too, which if the thoughts of its being part of my duty do not hinder, will be pleaſant enough to me.

Car. So conſiderable an office at Court too!— Let me imbrace you, Sir; and tell you how happy I am in ſo brave a Son-in-law.

Alon. With that aſſurance, Sir, I'l take a more than ordinary freedom with you, and teach *Euphemia* a franker way of living, than what a native Spaniard would have allow'd her.

Car. She ſhall be what ſort of wife you'l have her.

Enter Servant: After a noiſe of Muſick.

Alon. What Muſick's that?

Serv. It waits upon ſome Ladies and Gentlemen who ask for you, Sir.

Alon. Wait them in, they are thoſe friends of mine I told you off. [*He goes and brings them in.*

Enter

Enter Marcel *and* Clarinda, Silvio *and* Cleonte, Antonio *and* Hippolyta, Dormida *and* Franciſca, *all ſalute* Euphemia.
Enter Haunce, *and* Gload *in Maſquerade to the company* Olinda *and* Dorice *masked.*

Hau. Well, the Divel's in't if we ſhall not appear ridiculous enough, hah *Gload?*

Glo. I, Sir, the more ridiculous the better.

Hau. I was always of that mind.—— Ha, hay Boys, who be all theſe Dons and Donna's? —— Harkye *Lovis*, I hope the Wife you promis'd me is amongſt theſe fair Ladies, for ſo I gueſs they are both, fair and Ladies.

Lov. You gueſs right, Sir.

Alon. Now Ladies and Gentlewomen command your Muſick, and do what likes you beſt.

Lov. Here's the Lady I recommend to you, take her, Sir, be thankful. [*Gives him* Olinda.

Olin. This is the fool that I am to manage.

Dor. And this my lott. [*Takes* Gload.

[*Muſick plays, they all dance.*

Lov. There is within a young Father ready to joyn your hands: take this opportunity, and make ſure of a Wife.

Hau. I warrant you, Sir.

[*Exeunt* Haunce, Olinda, Gload *and* Dorice.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Your Mother, Sir, whom I found more dead than living for the loſs of your Siſter, was very near dying outright with joy to hear of your arrival, and moſt impatiently expects you.

Dor. And are we all forgiven *Pedro?*

Ped. Yes, you and I are like to be fellow Servants together again, *Dormida.*

Dor. And fellow Lovers too I hope, *Pedro.*

Ped. The Divel's in't if age have not allai'd flames of all ſorts in thee: but if you contribute to my allowance——

Dor. Thou knowſt I could never keep any thing from thee *Pedro.*

Alon. Come Ladies, there is a ſmall Banquet attends you in the next room.

Silv. We'l wait on you, Sir.

Enter Haunce, Gload, Olinda *and* Dorice.

Hau. Hold, hold, and give me joy too, for I am Married, if ſhe has not miſtaken her man again and I my woman.

Olin. No, you are the man I look for, and I no cheat, having all about me that you look for too, but Money.

[*Diſcovers her ſelf.*

Alon. How *Olinda!*

Olin. Yes indeed, Sir, I ſerv'd my Lady firſt, and then thought it no offence to take the reward due to that ſervice.

Hau. Here's a Spaniſh trick for you now, to marry a Wife before one ſees her.

Euph. What *Dorice* Married too?

Dor. After your example, Madam.

Glo. Yes indeed, forſooth, and I have made bold too after the example of my Maſter.

Hau. Now do they all expect I ſhould be diſſatisfied; but, Gentlemen, in ſign and token that I am not, I'l have one more merry friſk before we part, 'tis a witty wench; faith and troth after a month 'tis all one whoſe who; therefore come on *Gload.* [*They dance together.*

Alon. Monſieur *Haunce*, I ſee you are a man of Gallantry. Come let us in, I know every man here deſires to make this night his own, and ſacrifice it to pleaſure.

The Ladies too in bluſhes do confeſs
Equal deſires; which yet they'l not confeſs;
Their's, though leſs fierce, more conſtant will abide;
But ours leſs currant grow the more they're try'd.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Hiss 'em and cry 'em down, 'tis all in vain,
Incorrigible Scribler can't abstain:
But impudently i'th' old sin engage;
Though doom'd before, nay baniſh'd from the Stage.
Whilſt ſad experience our eyes convinces,
That damn'd their Playes which hang'd the German Princeſs:
And we with ornament ſet off a Play
Like her dreſt fine for Execution-day.
And faith I think with as ſmall hopes to live;
Unleſs kind Gallants the ſame grace you'd give
Our Comedie as Her; beg a Reprive.
Well what th' other miſt let our Scribe get
A pardon, for ſhe ſwears ſhe's the leſs cheat.
She never gulk'd you Gallants of the Town
Of ſumm, above four ſhillings or half a crown.
Nor does ſhe as ſome late great Authors do,
Bubble the Audience and the Players too.
Her humble Muſe ſoars not in the high-rode
Of Wit tranſverſt, or Bawdy A-la-mode:
Yet hopes her plain and eaſie ſtyle is ſuch,
As your high cenſures will diſdain to touch.
Let her low ſence creep ſafe from your Bravadoes,
Whilſt Ratas and Cabals aim at Granadoes.

FINIS.